

THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

Saint Patrick's Altar Stone

By Cathal O'Byrne

Mary Tudor

By Hilaire Belloc



Forsaken

By H. F. Blunt

Brother Bartholomew's Besom

By Enid Dinnis

Science Seeks a New First Cause

By John O'Hara Cosgrave

The Legion of Our Lady

By Leonard Maccabe



The Tolerance of Catholicism

By Theodore Maynard

Famous Painters of the Sacred Passion

By Norman Kelly

Vol. II No. 8

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



447

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JUSTICE and CHARITY

Excerpts from an address delivered before the Converts League, New York, by the
Most Reverend Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States

THE Church has received no mission to teach economics, or industrial methods, or any of the arts and trades which make the world machine go round. She has to deal with such matters only in case they touch justice, charity, religion, liberty. Except that she insists on the right of private property, the Church is not wedded to any economic system, any more than she is tied to any political system. God gave man his brain and his brawn to grapple with the great problems of life, but man must be ruled in his attempt to solve them by principles of justice and charity, and by due respect to human dignity. Economic laws cannot be admitted as an excuse for injustice and inhumanity.

...
nism is the demon that must be exorcised. The aim of the Church is the harmonious coöperation of all classes, the establishment of economic peace.

...

I BELIEVE America is ripe for ideas of economic peace. Unfortunately, Catholic social teaching seems little known to any class of society in America, to the workingmen, to the capitalists, to the jurists, to the university men or to journalists. . . . If America accepts the principles of a just social order, and achieves something like a stable economic peace, one can hardly err in prophesying a happy future for its people. Here, if anywhere on earth, happy economic conditions ought to be the norm. To a great extent, they have been. Nowhere have resources been so abundant, so nowhere have the working classes fared so well, nor wealth been within the reach of so many. The present situation here is very bad, I know, but America does not know suffering as we of Europe know it, as the vast multitudes of Asia know it. Hence this first serious experience has plunged you into pessimism. But I would bid you to lift up your hearts. *Sursum corda.* Take courage, and give courage to the suffering world. America will lead the way to recovery.

...

ALREADY, it seems to me, men are showing more energy and resourcefulness in dealing with the depression. As the depression has been due mainly to greed and folly, it can be cured by good sense, and the spirit of justice and charity. As there is enough for all in this country, and the main trouble has come because there is too much, surely the problem is not insoluble. The depression will serve a good purpose. It will teach people to live more within their means. It will teach them prudence in providing for their families. I am hoping it will turn many to God, show them how to bear suffering, and convince them that, after all, earth is not destined to be paradise. I am hoping it will induce captains of industry, with their great business capacity, to apply their minds and their hearts to the economic problem. They are not seldom men of humanitarian impulses, generous with their wealth, when they have made it. Your philanthropic millionaires, in fact, are the admiration of the world. Let something of generosity rule them in business as it does in their charities, and they will succeed better in spreading social content.

IF failure comes here, however, it will be the least excusable of earthly failures for there is here the greatest chance of earthly success. And failure would certainly be most dangerous in a democratic country like this, with its rooted ideas of equality and the strong spirit of independence in its people. America now seems far from revolution, and it is far, I believe, and I thank God for it. This young country is socially very conservative, and with wisdom and a spirit of fairness in its leaders it will remain a model of stability and prosperity for the world.

...

AMERICAN Catholics must take their part in the building up of the social order. They have a most valuable contribution to make. Belonging to all classes of society and holding fast to Christian ideals of justice and charity, they already serve, and will continue to serve, as a balance wheel in American society. They are equally distant from Communism and from a heartless capitalism. Being mostly of the working classes, they rightly have the interests of the working classes warmly at heart; but they have no hatred of the wealthy classes, no desire to tear down, no spirit of revolution. As Christian faith decays in this country and radical ideas gain force, the sanity of the Catholic body will be appreciated more and more by thinking men, both among employers and in the great body of union labor in this country, which shows such great good sense and such moderation of spirit.

...

IT is not enough for us to influence by example and by numbers. We must influence by the force of our ideas and by our enthusiasm. If a considerable group of Catholics first make themselves masters, and then apostles of the wise and noble social doctrine of Catholicism, we can begin to make the impression we should on the world around us. We can begin to permeate society with new ideas and a new spirit. . . . The whole Catholic body in America may be brought to take a lively interest in this great question and become, so to say, social-minded. If so, who can measure the extent of its influence on America? Bring this to pass, my friends, and you will be rendering the greatest service to your country and, through America, to the world. The whole world still looks to America in hope. Let not America fail the world; but the American nation, like every other, if it is to endure, will live only by the principles of justice and charity given to the world by Jesus Christ.

...
LABOR, on its side, is bound equally by the same principles of justice and must be reasonable in its demands. The working class, as recent history and present conditions sadly demonstrate, can be no less unjust, tyrannical and cruel than the capitalistic class. They can go so far, and have gone so far, as utterly to repudiate all moral law. Such a spirit will never bring happiness to the world. A class ruled by hatred may first devour its enemy, but it will then split into fiercely antagonistic factions. Charity, mutual respect, brotherliness, is the only way to human happiness. Class antago-

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

THIS year marks the Fifteenth Centenary of the landing of St. Patrick at Saul in County Down. It will be the occasion of many celebrations in Ireland, the most

important of which will be the International Eucharistic Congress to be held in June. It should also be the occasion of much rejoicing

Ireland: The Nation

With a Soul

in other parts of the world where Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen congregate. To no people is the memory of saint or hero so precious as is the memory of the great Apostle to the Irish. No other man has influenced the thought and lives of a people so deeply and for such a long period. He stands out preeminently as the founder of a national movement based upon a supernatural view of life. The history of his converts and their descendants is a remarkable comment on Christ's own words: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul, or what exchange shall a man make for his soul?" These words are addressed, of course, primarily to the individual and express the priceless value of the personal soul. But they may also be regarded as having been addressed to nations also, for there is such a thing as a national soul—to be saved or bartered. It is to the undying credit of the Irish people that as a national unit they saved their souls at a cost that is written in the salt tears and spilt blood of many generations. And now that a new day of physical wellbeing and material prosperity is dawning for his people may we not hope, or rather be sure, that the apostolate of St. Patrick begun fifteen hundred years ago will continue in unabated brilliance and intensity.



As a Catholic publication our interests lay outside the sphere of party politics, Republican or Democratic, national or local, however they affect the fortunes of groups or individuals. We are, therefore, not interested in the political plans or ambitions of ex-Governor

Alfred E. Smith. If we men-

tion his name here it is because he must stand out among all Americans as the most prominent victim of religious intolerance and brutal bigotry. There is no honest citizen who thinks but will unhesitatingly admit that his religion weighed heavily against him in the 1928 Presidential campaign. Now that he has become a passive candidate for nomination as the Democratic standard-bearer in 1932, we are keenly interested in measuring the extent to which his profession of the Catholic Faith will militate against him. That other objections against his candidacy can be and will be raised there can be no doubt; we are concerned solely with

the element of religious prejudice. Our Christian and American convictions in this matter have been so well expressed by Heywood Broun in the Scripps-Howard papers that, in spite of its length, we herewith reproduce his column in full:

"**A**L SMITH has been praised for the brevity and the frankness of his statement. It could have been shorter. It seems to me that 'I would like to run for President' might have covered the ground admirably.

A Clarion Call for Enlistment

"There is nothing very important in the reservation 'I will not make a pre-convention campaign to secure the support of delegates.' After all, nobody expected the ex-Governor to set up a stepladder on the street corners at this early date, and there is nothing on earth to prevent his friends and supporters organizing in his behalf, which they assuredly will do.

"There is every reason why Al Smith should enter the fight. Few will deny that he is at least as well qualified as any other candidate in the Democratic party, and the one reason advanced against his coming into the contest seems to me no reason at all, but rather a clarion call for enlistment. I refer to the point of view expressed in an editorial in the *New York Times*. That newspaper, after praising Smith for his many virtues, goes on to say:

"**S**OMETHING else, however, will come back if he is nominated for the Presidency. It is a revival of those religious prejudices which so distressed thoughtful men in 1928. Must those forbidden yet furious passions be roused again? This is a question which many of former Governor Smith's

warmest admirers and stanchest friends will be asking with regret and pain. Not long ago a leading newspaper in the South, after expressing the utmost confidence in Mr. Smith and praising him to the skies for his splendid personal qualities, almost went on its knees to beg him not to run for the Presidency again with the consequence of making the sword of bigotry cleave the Southern States asunder once more. . . . The plea is made that the nation should be given twenty or thirty years more to recover before being stretched on that rack once more."

"This is a question for which a free America should have only one answer. Call it religious prejudice if you please. I call it Bishop Cannon, and I say to him with it!

"Those who say to Al Smith that he must stand aside because mean and vicious propaganda will be used

against him are visiting the sins of the guilty upon the righteous. They are willing to abdicate the choice of a candidate by delegates in convention assembled and leave the whole matter to James Cannon, Jr. If the unterrified Democracy is to fall on its knees and beg whenever a cleric shakes his forefinger it would be better not to designate the party gathering as a convention at all. Just call it the Quadrennial Strawberry Festival of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and let it go at that.

IT is a true saying and an excellent one, that no issue is ever settled until it is settled right. We should not tremble because an opportunity comes once again to fight

No Compromise With Evil

interval gives aid and comfort to the enemy. The Hefflins and the Cannons will say, and say with reason: 'We taught them a lesson that time. They do not dare to challenge our authority again.'

"Nor can the breaking of the solid South be regarded as pure tragedy. The existence of a great section which voted solely by label has tended to corrupt our political machinery. This condition has made every Republican national convention a sort of market day. It has reduced the South itself to political subservience, since not even the most brilliant leader from that part of the country was ever considered eligible as a candidate because of political expediency. Anybody who believes in the potentialities of democratic government must rejoice at the advent of a day when every State in the Union becomes a doubtful State. In that direction freedom lies.

BUT knowing the tactics of major political parties as we all do, it must be admitted that no convention is going to be stampeded in favor of something which seems

A Chance for a Body Blow

to it both righteous and disastrous. It would be better by far to wage a losing war against bigotry than not to fight at all. But it is pleasant to report that the chance of success in this endeavor was never better. Surely Al Smith has stood the test of second thought and sober recapitulation better than the men who did the dirty work against him. It is not the proudest feather in Hoover's cap that he countenanced the Klan campaign for his election. And by now even the solidést of the solid South knows Bishop Cannon for what he is. Bigotry is not done, but it is bruised and bleeding. Now is the time to hang a solid punch on the point of the jaw.

"During the election of 1928 Republican workers circulated in certain parts of the South a picture of Al Smith at the opening of the Holland tubes. The voters were gravely informed that this was the beginning of a tunnel leading from the White House to the Vatican. And many who saw the picture went out eagerly to whoop it up for Hoover. They might do so again, but, after all, the future of America depends upon manhood suffrage and not moronic."



AFEW weeks ago *The Nation* devoted many pages of one issue to Birth Control. The nature of the whole mess may be judged from the fact that the Catholic position was set forth

by the notorious Margaret Sanger! One happy result of the issue was the eliciting of the following letters of protest from two Catholic laymen: The ex-Governor of

Illinois, E. F. Dunne, and Mr. John Monaghan, of New York.

With the instincts of a gentleman and a convinced Catholic, the ex-Governor is shocked at the advocacy of what he rightly describes as "this harlot-like practice." He writes:

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some years past I have been a subscriber to your paper. The issue dated January 27 reached me yesterday. I find upon reading it that the front page and fifteen of its forty pages of reading matter are devoted to the advocacy of birth control, justly characterized by President Roosevelt in his day as race suicide.

I am the happy and contented father of nine living children and the grandfather of twenty-one grandchildren, and there is not a black sheep or a yellow streak among them. My dear departed wife (recently deceased) was my devoted helpmeet for nearly half a century and was the proud and loving mother of these nine children.

Your over-zealous hysterical advocacy of this harlot-like practice shocks me, and makes your weekly paper unwelcome in my home. If you and your fellow-believers practise what you preach in the years to come, they and your subscribers will soon be few in number. Please cancel my subscription.

Chicago, January 25

E. F. DUNNE

Mr. Monaghan finds in self-control, which is neither impossible nor precarious, the antidote to birth-control, and stresses the economic aspect. Mark the sentence: "It is the living children of the poor that ring a wall of flesh about the country's wealth in times of war."

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The only valid argument in favor of birth control is ill-health of the parents or their economic disability. If either party is sick, then self-control is the humane and, indeed, the necessary attitude of the other party, and self-control is neither impossible nor precarious; in fact, it is the efficient prophylactic for our modern neuroses.

If healthy married people desire children as normal people do, and are hindered from exercising normally this natural right by economic hazards, why, in God's name and in the name of the American people, is there no concerted effort made to save this natural right by abolishing these economic ills? Let those who have wealth and no children subsidize those who have children and no wealth. It is the living children of the poor that ring a wall of flesh about the country's wealth in time of war. The rich give patriotic sentiments while the poor give their sons.

The enthusiasm of birth-controllers is almost as hysterical as a revival and as economically careless as a crusade.

New York, January 27

JOHN MONAGHAN

The cry of the Church in America today is for Catholic Lay Action. It can take many potent forms, but the one that appeals to us as the most imperative is a well-instructed laity that is both courageous and articulate.



FRANCE is embracing more authority at present than she's ever been able to assume since the days of Napoleon: and a naïve Geneva expects her to cut off her arms. It's as futile as

World Security and Rome

preaching poverty to a man that has just acquired a fortune. The Peace Conference is like an assemblage of eagles debating as to whether they should sacrifice their claws: each being quite willing that all the others

take the clipping, but decidedly uncertain as to the necessity or wisdom of submitting itself; each holding the other by the logical tail, and all flying around in a circle of verbal futility.

There are only three things on which the world can depend for peace, or any other ideal: Power, Prudence, and Providence. The first is a sorry basis at best. Germany, all-potent, couldn't resist the temptation of proving how potent she really was—and wasn't; and if the logic of history signifies anything, can we be at all sure that a panoplied France—or Timbuctoo—would be any different? As for Prudence, it demands that there be some final court of appeal in international disputes; one that is incorruptible and so bound up in spiritualities that its standards will not falter; one that expresses the Supreme Ruler, whose interest is as wide as the race, and whose wisdom, Heaven-sent, should be far more effective than schemes from Switzerland and Holland.

And the amazing thing is that precisely such a court exists ready-made in the world today. But knowing it not, idealists have been searching every which way. The Catholic Church had a vast moral influence in every land; far more than any Peace Conference abroad can ever hope to attain. Not for centuries has this ineffable source been tapped in the interest of general peace, because of the bogey of ecclesiastical domination. As if God-helped ecclesiasticism could do any worse by mankind than hag-ridden politics! National minds, with all their bias, bring themselves to Geneva; but it is only Rome that gives herself impartially to the world. It is in Providence that we have such a resource; it is Prudence to avail ourselves of it; it seems the only way of teaching Power how to comport itself without peril to others and to its own purpose.

It requires no great mental acumen to read an anti-Catholic complex in these statements. The *alls* in number six is particularly worthy of note.

■ ■ ■

WHILE the majority of nations have renounced war as an instrument of governmental policy, the problems of disarmament are not to be settled easily and hurriedly by arm-chair or political theorists. No nation can with safety lay down all arms while other nations are fully or partially armed;

Disarmament Within Safety Bounds

and even the most pacific idealist must admit that some weapons of war should be in the hands of those nations who sincerely desire universal peace and have proven the sincerity of their desire by some measure of disarmament.

Even apart from all thought of war of aggression, there can be wars that arise solely from a conflict of ideals. It is thus that we are inclined to view the trouble in Manchuria. Japan was confronted with the moral obligation of protecting thousands of lives and extensive properties in a country which was never properly governed by its owners and which recently became the base of operations for a rapacious and licentious soldiery. To the Japanese the only way of restoring order was by their taking prompt and vigorous action. On the other hand, China could maintain that Japan's action was contrary to treaty obligations and virtually an act of war. The situation offers the League of Nations a difficult problem founded on conflicting idealism.

As Catholics we must not be mere sentimentalists. We cannot close our eyes to the fact that in a world of violence instruments of violence must be at hand, at least for a time. That these instruments should be used only in the furtherance of justice should be our fixed hope and desire; that ultimately all war, whatever its nature or origin, must be outlawed, should be our aim. But the only practical step that can be taken at the present moment is not to reduce armaments below the limit of national safety.

■ ■ ■

TO His Holiness Pope Pius XI on the achievements of his first ten years in the See of Peter. § To the Rt. Rev. John M. Fraser—the first native of North America to

Toasts Within The Month

become a missionary in China—on his being made a Prothonotary Apostolic. § To Philip LaFollette, of Wisconsin, on being the first Governor in America to sign a bill setting up a compulsory unemployment-insurance system. § To Nicholas Murray Butler, educator and statesman, on the completion of thirty years as President of Columbia University. § To Lou Tseng Tsiang, former Premier of China, on taking his vows as a Benedictine Monk at St. Andrew's Abbey at Lophemby-Bruggs. § To ex-Governor E. F. Dunne, of Illinois, on his splendid letter to *The Nation*. (See page 452.) § To the Knights of Columbus on the Golden Jubilee of their foundation. § To Mrs. Elizabeth Wagner, of Cresco, Iowa—the mother of fifteen children, seven of whom entered the Religious Life—on her eighty-ninth birthday. § To Frank A. Hall, on his appointment as Director of the N. C. W. C. News Service. § To the Marriage License Bureau of Brooklyn for its refusal to recognize the validity of Reno divorce decrees. § To Senator George W. Norris on the passage of his "Lame Duck" bill by the House. § To Judge Benjamin Nathan Cardozo on his appointment to the Supreme Court. § To the American Legion on the success of its nation-wide campaign to reduce unemployment.

In answer to the question quite commonly asked, "Why is the Catholic Church opposed to Freemasonry?" a sufficient answer is, "Because Freemasonry is opposed to the Church." In support of the answer we might state the fact that there are approximately twenty publications in the United

States supported directly or indirectly by the Masons which carry on a constant campaign against Catholicism. Now comes a pronouncement from the Supreme Council of Masons whose headquarters are at 1735 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington, D. C. These seven sections are particularly favored by the Council:

"1. A Federal Department of Education with a secretary in the President's Cabinet, and federal aid for public school purposes, under the absolute control of the states.

"2. A national university at Washington, supported by the government.

"3. The compulsory use of English as the language of instruction in grammar grades.

"4. Adequate provision for the education of the alien populations, not only in cultural and vocational subjects, but especially in the principles of American institutions and popular sovereignty.

"5. The entire separation of Church and State and opposition to every attempt to appropriate public moneys, directly or indirectly, for the support of sectarian institutions.

"6. The American public school, non-partisan, non-sectarian, efficient, democratic, for all the children of all the people; equal educational opportunities for all.

"7. The inculcation of patriotism, love of the flag, respect for law and order and undying loyalty to constitutional government."

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

THE STATIONS ON THE HILLSIDE

THESE verses on the Stations of the Cross, written by a non-Catholic, Jay G. Sigmund, and published in the non-Catholic Living Church will have an especial appeal for our readers:

I CAME, a harassed traveler;
I threaded down a dusty way:
I found a wee shrine, worn of sill
Upon the high curve of a hill
With havens up the wooded slope
To serve the ones who pray.

I

Jesus Is Condemned to Death

IT WAS a motley crowd;
Madly athirst were they
For blood; their cries were loud—
We know their kind today.

And Pilate—we have yet
His kind; oh, flesh is flesh:
O Jesus, men forget
When they act this scene afresh!

Forgive them now as then
For men are only men!

II

Jesus Assumes the Cross

HEAVY oak on weary, bleeding shoulders—
A stout heart; a gentle poet's soul;
Hill of the skull; a roadway strewn with boulders—
The world's sins were taken to that knoll.

Oh, scourge me and bow my head!
My cross is lightly framed:
Give me a weight instead—
I am ashamed . . . ashamed.

III

Jesus Falls the First Time

THE cross which crushes by its load
May yet be carried through.
But, oh, my Jesus, on that road
Thy strong soul surely knew
The purpose of that deadly tree
Which was borne across that hill for me.

Curse me if I cringe and whine
Beneath an easy cross like mine!

IV

Jesus Meets His Holy Mother

DID she think of the roof
Of the manger; the door? . . .
Of the beasts' nervous hoof—
Of the wee Babe she bore?

Of the wise men with gold;
Of the shepherds from far?
Of the pain and the cold
And that high golden star?

O Mother of Sorrows! . . .
O Christ of her womb! . . .
Be close to my life
From this day to the tomb!

V

Simon Helps Jesus Carry His Cross

SOMEWHERE in the roadside throng
There may be some souls who know:
Take thy cross and press along—
It is always better so.

There is pity in some breast:
There is hope . . . some hands will clutch
The fallen cross that we may rest,
Who are burdened over-much.

Jesus, keep alive for me
The spirit of him who aided Thee.

VI

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

THIS woman, thin and pale,
Under her tattered veil:
Humble her lot and mean
But her peasant heart was clean.

With her tiny cloth . . . her all:
(Her world—so bound and small)
Yet she took the Christ to keep:
God, bless the poor, who weep—
The poor, who pray and weep.

May I serve, in a humble role
As this gentle peasant soul.

VII

Jesus Falls the Second Time

EACH fall upon a pebbled span
Bruises the flesh and bone
But when a great cross bends a man
Even the brave must groan.

O Christ, Who fell and rose,
Laugh at my tiny wounds—
My hurts from puny blows!

VIII

Jesus Counsels the Daughters of Jerusalem

HEAVIER, heavier, grows a beam,
Hewn from strong-grained boles:
Weep not, women, hold a dream
Tethered in your souls:
Weep for those who are your own
Here the way to life is shown—
Weep ye, for your own!

O Christ, Who counseled them,
Thou knowest the need of men;
Thou knowest the need of mothers
Of others . . . all others!

IX

Jesus Falls the Third Time

NEAR does the stark hill loom—
The pilgrimage near done:
The grey sky wreaths in gloom—
What use a dying sun?
What need to struggle now,
The mob is pressing in
Upon the bleak hill's brow? . . .
The world is sick from sin.

If I should fall and must
Be prone upon the dust
May this come after the road
Is traveled with my load.

X

Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

READY with dice and greed—
Yes, men are always there;
Before the chains are freed
They come to claim their share.
They toss the squares today:
They want the cloth—the gems:
It is the world—man's way
To rend the silken hems.
*O Jesus, may men learn that robes of cloth
Are only things to feed the attic moth!*

XI

Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

Now comes the ending of the long trail:
Oak is firm: oak crosses never break,
And a hand was sinewed well for the first nail;
Oh, what a thing to bear for mere man's sake!
The crown of thorns the locust tree had given—
The hoarse mob . . . the blood-lust in all eyes:
God wept as the last nail was driven—
God wept and took the sun from the skies.
*O Christ, not only on that hill
Have mad mobs felt the urge to kill:
Sear on my brain the image of that day—
For this I pray.*

XII

Jesus Dies Upon the Cross

O god, has Thou forsaken Me?" He cried;
Think of the agony in that last wail:
The spear is barbed and ready for His side—
Is even God to fail?
No succor . . . and the mad mob shrieks—
The sky goes blacker and the lightning shows.
His spirit takes its leave—the thunder speaks—
The last hope goes.
*O God, let men remember what the cost—
O God, may such a lesson be not lost!*

CATHOLICS AND BIRTH PREVENTION

THIS enlightening editorial recently appeared in *The Church Times*, a non-Catholic newspaper of London:

The *Osservatore Romano* insists that the Roman Catholic Church has been slandered by statements made in this country to the effect that it admits important exceptions to its general condemnation of birth prevention, and that it is not consistent in the matter. The Vatican organ is indignant that such statements have been made by members of the Church of England. It repeats that birth prevention is absolutely forbidden to all Christians by the words of St. Paul, and to Roman Catholics in particular by the teaching of the Church and the Encyclical, *Casti connubi*. It insists further that the present world crisis is due to the organized suppression of human beings. We think that the *Osservatore* is justified in its protests. So far as the teaching and policy of the Roman Catholic Church are concerned, there can be no question that its whole influence is thrown on the side of Christian morals. We do not say that Roman Catholics individually do not in some cases practise birth prevention. Of this we can have no information. Doubts have been expressed as to the exact position taken in some cases in Roman Confessionals. Again, we can have no information, and we express no opinion. But the vital statistics recently published by the Health Section of the League of Nations, while showing that from the beginning of the present century there has been a general decline both in the birth and death rates, make it clear

XIII

The Body of Jesus Is Laid in the Arms of His Mother

SHE of the sorrows; of the great heart
Has arms to hold her dear Son's head;
Playing again her mother's part
She bows above her Dead.

There in the stable—there by the tree—
She was the mother; He was the Son:
Under the cross when His soul was free
She wept; this blessed one.

*On the hill of the skull this thing was done:
Help us, Mary, to know thy Son!*

XIV

The Body of Jesus Is Laid in the Tomb

THRE tomb was dark and deep;
Cut for a long, last sleep:
The stone—well-hewn, secure,
Seemed likely to endure.

He never needed sills,
Who watched on God's own hills:
A tomb; a fragile thing
For holding such a King!

*Christ, when the grave is near,
Be merciful: banish my fear!*

* * *

ICAME, a harassed traveler;
I threaded down a dusty way:
I found a wee shrine, worn of sill
Upon the high curve of a hill
With havens up the wooded slope
To serve the ones who pray.

that, in regard to the birth rate, the fall is generally less in Roman Catholic than in non-Roman countries. The decline in the birth rate in Germany, for instance, which is largely, though by no means entirely, Protestant, is forty times greater than in Portugal and five times greater than in France. At the present time—and this fact, having regard to the increase of religious life and practice in France, is remarkable evidence—England, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Switzerland and Estonia have all a lower birth rate than France. Of these countries, Austria has recently gone through a period of terrible economic suffering, and, in the remaining countries, Catholicism is nowhere a predominant factor, and in some often practically without influence.

NO FLOWERS, MASSES INSTEAD

FAHER F. M. ZULUETTA, S.J., sends this interesting letter to the editor of *The Universe*, London:

One often sees at the end of death notices in our daily Press the caution, or request: "No flowers," or "No flowers by request." For the first time—as far as I have observed—there has appeared (in *The Times* for January 9) an improved version. The particular notice in question recorded the demise of Mr. Albert Landau, whose obsequies were to be held at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington. It ended with "No flowers, Masses instead."

It is lawful to hope that this eminently Catholic addition may create a precedent reminding Catholics that,

while the sending of funeral wreaths may be a fitting and very natural token of sorrow and of sympathy towards the bereaved, on the part of those who know not the efficacy of Masses and Prayer for the Dead, they are wholly unprofitable to the departed. To take the lowest view—they are as a rule far more costly than an offering for a Mass, or even several Masses, for the soul of the deceased. The obvious objection that the desired and desirable *manifestation* of sympathy would thus be omitted would be amply met by leaving at the house of mourning a line of condolence, or a card, containing the promise of a Mass. For the sake of kindly non-Catholic sympathizers it might be well also to make it known that the placing of flowers on the actual coffin is not a correct Catholic usage, except in the case of very young children—as a tribute to innocence. The Catholic rite for the burial of their elders reveals a true *consciousness of sin*—not a conspicuous feature outside the Fold—with which floral decorations ill accord.

LEND NONE SO RICH

MANY of our readers will be inclined to agree with the doubting Thomases of George Sanford Holmes' verses in the World Telegram, New York:

There's a new word now for men to mouth,
Of classic derivation;
From east to west, from north to south
It rings throughout the nation;
The roar of it from public tongue
Would fill an auditorium,
And in the ears of old and young
Is thundered, "Moratorium!"

In Germany, some say, 'twas found—
At least, she was prime mover;
Some say that Wall Street liked its sound
And whispered it to Hoover;
Some say it's frank and on the square—
Mere foreign debt-vacation,
But doubting Thomases declare
It means debt cancellation.

No matter where it had its birth,
Nor who it was first sought it,
The fever's swept around the earth
And every debtor's caught it.
From dullest digger in the ditch
To owner of emporium
There's none so poor and none so rich
But cries for "Moratorium!"

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND CONFESSION

HEREWITH part of a letter to The Churchman, a Protestant weekly, from D. Gray, of Sevanee, Tenn. It's a rather remarkable statement coming from a non-Catholic:

I should like to check up some statements made by Richard Bowland Kimball in *The Churchman*, January 16, 1932, pp. 15-17, in the article "The Hope of Protestantism," which, as you say, "offers no little opportunity for discussion."

(1) The perfection of our citizenship both here and hereafter consists, primarily, in the degree of our co-operation with light and help received from God. St. Peter at the gate of heaven will not ask us merely how much we know; he will inquire how we practiced faith, hope, charity, temperance, prudence, fortitude and justice. Although many try to rationalize their life problems, at bottom our human difficulties are rather psychological than theological; matters not chiefly of faith but of morals. Our intelligence naturally seeks truth as our senses beauty and our wills God and His goodness.

But Christ Himself tells us that at the last day the one test of charity and of salvation will be the corporal works of mercy; feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, hospitality to the homeless, clothing to the naked, consolation to the sick, comfort to the prisoners. "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

There are but seven vices to be confessed in the Roman Catholic confessional: pride, anger, envy, lust, sloth, gluttony and avarice. There have never been more than these seven deadly sins since our first parents turned from God and Eden. Even bearing in mind "the findings of modern psychology, the theories of modern education, and the philosophy of modern ethics," there never can be other sins to confess. If Mr. Kimball will ask his nearest Roman Catholic priest, I think he will be told that the statement is quite untrue that "even the holiest of Catholics must have constant recourse to the confessional." Roman Catholics are obliged, if possible, to seek sacramental absolution only for sins that are committed freely, knowingly and in grave matters. There must be at least thousands of right-living Roman Catholics who never commit such mortal sins from one year's end to the next. Mr. Kimball does not seem to realize that the purpose of the Roman Catholic confessional is the forgiveness of sin—not the bestowal of spiritual instruction. In view of the generally crowded confessionals, it would be practically impossible to turn the Roman Catholic sacrament of penance into a conference-room devoted to spiritual guidance and psychoanalysis. Venial sins may be forgiven by pious use of sacraments, holy water, sign of the cross, reception of Holy Communion.

The Rev. Dr. T. B. Scannell, *The Priest's Studies*, p. 108, writes to Roman Catholic priests:

"Assuming all the advantages of direction, may not one say a little word against overdirection? The extraordinary thing is that this excess comes not so much from the tyranny of the director as from the parasitical tendencies of the penitent. People are fond of shirking responsibility; they like to feel that if there is any mistake, they will not have to bear the blame. They get into a state in which they are unable to form a judgment how they should act in the most ordinary circumstances; and thus the feeble-minded penitent produces the overbearing director. 'The souls damaged by overdirection,' says Faber, 'would fill a hospital in any decently large town.'"

THIS: THAT: THE OTHER

Still, the destruction of life in the Orient is no worse than that in the accident.—*Newark Ledger*.

Those who blame Mr. Hoover for everything should at least give him credit for a mild winter.—*New Britain Herald*.

That incessant brittle noise you are beginning to hear is caused by New Year's resolutions beginning to crack.—*San Diego Union*.

A citizen is a man who demands better roads, bigger schools, a new post-office—and lower taxes.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.

Nothing is less to be lamented than an opinion once held, and changed.—*Mr. John Drinkwater*.

For all your days prepare,
And meet them ever alike;
When you are the anvil, bear—

When you are the hammer, strike.

—*Edwin Markham*.

The LEGION of OUR LADY

By
Leonard Maccabe, C.P.

AS ONE surveys the world, a startling fact blinds with its truth—nearly all nations have made a chaos of Christianity. It is a pungent paradox that Christianity has failed because men have failed Christianity. Christ the King has been driven out by the modern mobs of whoopee makers and gold diggers, high financiers and low politicians, morbid intellectuals and cretinous eugenists. The modern man is too weak to bow down before the God-Man. In the place of Christ the King, on the altars flame the gods of the pagans. But, behind these looms the awfulness Anti-Christ. They are but puppets: the Christless men and women but marionettes in a macabre dance at his infernal will.

It is only stark realism to admit that Anti-Christ is in the world, not in diabolic person, but in his world-flung army. Russia claims pride of place as the satanic headquarters in its Anti-God, Anti-Christ policy and propaganda. Not only Christian morality, but also natural morality, is scorned with the defiance of the reprobate. Religion is but the dope of the masses, the captains of the Anti-Christ army, the hierophants of satanism, have shouted across the world. Other countries, Mexico and China, have reeled under the attacks of the Anti-Christ hordes. The churches and missions have been looted and sacked: priests and people have agonized in the passion of martyrdom. The Passionists can claim three glorious martyrs for Christ in the Anti-Christ campaign in China.

CATHOLIC countries—Malta, Spain, France—have sensed the person of Anti-Christ in the violent anti-clericalism of their governments. The bishops of Ireland have been alarmed at the subtle campaign of Communism and anti-clericalism working openly and secretly for the destruction of the Faith. These are but the first drops of the deluge, the low peals of the thunder, the faint rumbling of the tornado. We are on the eve of Armageddon. It is only a question of time—a few decades—until the army of Christ will be in dead-

ly open battle all over the world with the army of anti-Christ. This is a cold-blooded fact.

One might be tempted to say that the Church has come through as great perils in her age-long history. She has seen the rise and fall of empires and governments who strove for her destruction. But ancient victories never give an army the right to stagnant unpreparedness. The Divine promise that the gates of Hell will never prevail against the Church gives no right to any Catholic to lay down arms and refuse to fight. Thousands of souls may be lost to Christ because the Church Militant are

of twelve stars—must she with Christ in her arms lead the Children of God.

IN OUR time Mary has raised up a man to gather around her standard the whole Catholic world; the standard is that of "The Legion of Mary." In America a few outposts of the Legion have encamped. Like the rise of the great Religious Orders, even like the rise of the Church, was the rise of the Legion of Mary. It is only a question of time until it be as universal as the Church. On the eve of the Nativity of the Blessed Mother September 7, 1921, under the inspiration of this man, a few persons met

in a back street of a slum in Dublin to arrange to visit the poor in the Dublin Union Hospital. At once they saw the pitiable need of a wider apostolate. All around were lodging houses and ghastly slums with teeming thousands of unfortunate men and women. In their abysmal misery and daily fight against starvation and disease, hundreds became embittered against God and man. The clergy could not possibly know this submerged host. Many shunned the priest, burying themselves in the fetid darkness at his approach. And death took his gigantic toll week by week, with many unprepared for his remorseless coming. It was to help the priest to save every soul that these first Legionaries of Mary started their apostolate.

The spirit of the Legion is that of Blessed Grignon de Montfort: "Through Mary to Jesus." Their prayers and sacrifices they leave in her hands to present to her Divine Son. They believe that the best way to follow Jesus is in the footsteps of His Blessed Mother. The quickest way to know Him is through her infallible teaching. The surest way to His adorable Heart is through Her immaculate heart. The most certain way of personal sanctification is through Mary to Jesus. There is no quackery or patent in the Legion of Mary: it is simply the ceaseless application of Her eternal destiny—to crush the head of the serpent. There is no modernistic madness in the belief that she must lead the Christ

EDITOR'S NOTE

THAT the spirit of Anti-Christ is rampant at the present time is quite evident from the attitude of nations as well as individuals towards the fundamentals of Christian doctrine and morality. Not only are the rights of God being denied, but men and women in huge numbers are scoffing at the very first principles of natural decency. The call of the moment is for Catholic Lay Action. What such a society as the Legion of Mary can accomplish is set forth in this article. Further information about the Legion may be obtained by writing to The Secretary, The Legion of Mary, De Montfort House, North Brunswick, St., Dublin, Ireland.

cowards and deserters. One soul lost is an eternal triumph for Anti-Christ.

IN her continued warfare against Anti-Christ, the Church has ever looked for victory to the Blessed Mother of God. She overthrew the apparently indestructible empire of Anti-Christ through her Divine maternity. In the dawn of creation her destiny was revealed: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her Seed. She shall crush thy head." In the economy of Redemption she must ever be at war with, and triumph over, Anti-Christ. So, in Mary and through Mary, will the Church Militant finally rout the army of Anti-Christ. Until the sign appears in the heavens—the woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a diadem

army if it is to conquer Anti-Christ. The Legionaries salute her as mediatrix of all graces, which is the essence of modern Marian theology.

In Dublin there are over 1,000 Legionaries of Mary, men and women of every rank and profession, working in her name and by her power, in every kind of spiritual work. The Legion apostolate is not concerned as such with the corporal, as with the spiritual, works of mercy, although two great hostels have been in existence a few years in Dublin: "The Morning Star" for down and out men, "Regina Coeli" for down and out women. In these hostels men and women of every degree of misery, spiritual and temporal, are cared for by the Legionaries. If the critical and skeptical will only walk through these hostels and see the types of inmates, they will feel an immense pity surge up in their hearts. Hope and happiness light up the eyes that were blind with misery and despair. As they walk away they will cry out their credo in the Legion of Mary.

The Legion of Mary is open to all Catholics over 18 years old, who are models of the Faith. They must have the spirit of the Legion to do everything for and through Mary for souls, at the wish of the priest. It may be established in any parish with the consent of the parish priest and approval of the bishop. The nomenclature is taken from the Roman army. A parochial foundation is called a *Praesidium*. (It is very significant that in Russia every Anti-Christ centre is called a *Praesidium*. Does it not seem prophetic that every centre of Legionaries of Mary be called a *Praesidium*?) In a district where two or more *Praesidia* exist, a *Curia* is formed. The governing body for the country or State is called a *Senatus*. Four men or women will suffice to start a *Praesidium*. An essential feature of the Legion of Mary is the weekly meeting of the *Praesidium*. It must never be omitted even though only a few can attend, because it binds together all the Legionaries through the prayers, reports of their respective apostolates, and advice of the spiritual director.

THERE is no limit to the apostolate of the Legion. Every *Praesidium* has its own peculiar work to meet the needs of the district. It cannot be emphasized too often that the work of the Legion of Mary is *any* work which the spiritual director (the pastor or curate) wishes for the spiritual good of his parish. So it is a preordained means of incalculable good. It is as if Mary pointed out to the priest those men and women who will help him in his pastoral work. The Legion has spread from Ireland to most countries of Europe, India, China, America, Australia. Many of the bishops have specially blessed and approved its apostolate. A certain Cardinal in

Europe told the founder of the Legion: "The Legion has come from Heaven: it has been inspired by Mary herself." In numerous parishes of Ireland and England, of which the writer has first-hand information, the local clergy are amazed at the miracles of grace it has worked to countless souls.

THIS results of one *Praesidium* in Dublin will give an idea of the varied and wonderful apostolate of the Legion. Over 1,500 people were brought back to the Sacraments in Dublin last year, many after a lapse of from 30 to 50 years. There are 40



In the dawn of creation Mary's destiny was revealed: "I will put enmities between thee [the serpent] and the woman [Mary], and thy seed and her seed. She shall crush thy head." In the economy of Redemption, she must ever be at war with, and triumph over, Anti-Christ. Until the Sign appears in the heavens—the woman clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a diadem of twelve stars—must she with Christ in her arms lead the children of God.

members of this *Praesidium* which has existed for two years and six months. During that time, 3,058 visits to houses were made: in 396 houses the Sacred Heart was enthroned: 41 boys and men brought back to the Sacraments after a lapse ranging from six months to thirty-one years; and 24 girls and women from three months to twenty years, and 10 after unknown periods: 8 adults were confirmed: 51 boys and girls, men and women, enrolled in various sodalities: 92 visits made to two hospitals, books and rosaries were distributed; 8 Le-

gionaries run a club for girls who are taught knitting and sewing, drill and games. This report is not selected because it looks spectacular. Every *Praesidium* can furnish similar reports.

Among the works of the Legion of Mary the following may serve as examples. The Legionaries visit the hospitals. They always go in pairs in their apostolate. They visit the lodging houses. They make a census of the parish. Then they try to get the Sacred Heart enthroned in every house. The careless, bad and lapsed Catholics they visit week by week, even for years, until finally they come to the Sacraments. If they be snubbed, insulted, have the door banged in their face, they cheerfully keep on. They never admit defeat, because Mary is with them, and every obstacle must in the end yield to her. They encourage every family to take Catholic papers and magazines. The children's Mass attendance is put first among the works of the Legion by one bishop. On Sunday mornings the Legionaries go round the homes where the children neglect Holy Mass. To promote sodality membership, to further a daily Mass and daily Communion Crusade, to conduct clubs for girls or boys, to look after Catholic servants, introduce them to Catholic friends and into sodalities, to help the sick poor to have their homes ready for the visit of the priest—all these form part of the Legion apostolate. In fine, the Legionaries do *any work* for the good of souls that may be advised by the priest.

BEYOND the active Legion apostolate there is an auxiliary apostolate, that of prayer. Every Legionary is taught to rely utterly on prayer, especially on the intercession power of the Blessed Mother. In convents and monasteries, colleges and boarding schools centres of auxiliary or aspirant Legionaries may be started. Auxiliary Legionaries say the few special prayers of the Legion. The idea of aspirant Legionaries is to train the young in the spirit of the Legion of Mary and prepare them for the active apostolate in future years. They may do any work, such as helping the Foreign Missions, which the spiritual director advises. A divinely efficacious form of auxiliary Legion work would be to make visits to the Blessed Sacrament and to pray for all the active Legionaries.

In every parish, no matter how small, there is need of the Legion of Mary. There is always some kind of spiritual work that lay people can do. Besides, every priest has a strict duty to his flock to lead them on to holiness. "Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect" is a universal precept. The priest has a duty to the good and the best as well as to the

(Continued on page 464)

ST. PATRICK'S ALTAR STONE

By
Cathal O'Byrne

ON A green hill, high above the City of Downpatrick, in the County of Down, Ireland, within the shadow of what was once a Benedictine Abbey, and is now a Protestant Cathedral, under a huge boulder of mountain granite whereon is graven but the one word, "Patraic," rest the relics of Ireland's best known and best beloved Saints, Patrick, Bride and Columcille.

The little white road, that has its beginning at the foot of the high green hill, winds about between the ancient, lime-white, yellow-thatched cottages, and the modern villas of the town, and, out beyond them, away between the hawthorn hedges and beechen groves of the pleasant country-side, until, tired of its meanderings, it ends, a mile and a half away, at Saul, the spot where Saint Patrick, fifteen hundred years ago, caused his first Church to be erected, and where at the end of his days, his labors in the cause of the White Christ being ended, he died and was buried.

Like a bleached white pebble lying at the bottom of a green bowl, the little town of Saul hides itself away

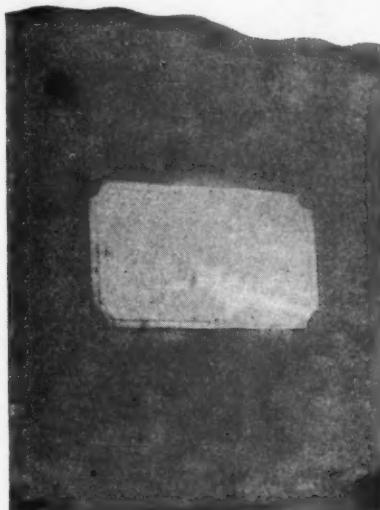
among the hills and hummocks of County Down. Over yonder, to the west, scarce a mile away, where the River Slaney flows into Strangford Lough—the *Straing Fiord* of the Norsemen—is the spot where the Saint and his companions first landed in Ulster.

In the Taxation of Pope Nicholas, levied in the year 1615, a church situated at this place is referred to as "the Church of Ballybren," and the

is believed to have been Saint Patrick's nephew, describing the incidents of his landing, says: "He at length penetrated into a certain frith, which is Brenesse, and he landed at Ostium Slain—the mouth of the Slain, called in Irish Inver Slaney.

"There, indeed, they concealed the bark, and they came a little distance into the country, that they might rest there and lie down; and there came upon them the swineherd of a certain man of a good natured disposition, though a heathen, whose name was Diclu, and who dwelt where now stands what is called Patrick's Barn (Saul)."

IN A LIFE of the Saint preserved in the "Book of Armagh," compiled from early materials in the year A.D. 807, almost the same words are used, and in the "Tripartite Life," translated from the original Irish, the account given is almost similar in substance, and is as follows: Patrick went afterwards from Inis-Patrick, past Connaille (County Louth) and past the coast of Ulster, until he stopped at Inver Brena. He went afterwards to Inver Slani, where the



St. Patrick's Altar Stone in the Church at Saul.

preservation of the ancient name has been the means of identifying the estuary of the river which divides the townlands of Ballybren (now Ballintogher) and Ringban, as the spot where Saint Patrick made his successful landing when he came to convert the Irish nation. There is at present not a vestige of the Church of Ballybren remaining—even the name is forgotten—but the memory of its site is still preserved in the name "Church Hill."

ACCORDING to Probus, the author of the first of the seven Lives of Saint Patrick, the Saint having been repulsed on his landing in Leinster, sailed northwards towards Ulster with the intention of converting Milcho, the master whom he had served as a swineherd, at Slemish in the County Antrim.

The author of the second Life, who



Portion of wall of St. Patrick's original stone Church.



Doorway of the Church at Saul, in County Down.



Strongford Lough, where St. Patrick first landed in Ireland.

clerics hid their ships, and they went ashore to put off their fatigue, and to rest, so that there it was the swine-herd of Diclu found them, where Saul-Patrick is to-day. When he saw the divines and the clerics, he thought they were robbers and thieves, and went to tell his lord, whereupon Diclu came and set his dog at the clerics. But when Diclu saw Patrick he became gentle, and he believed and Patrick baptized him, so that he was the first in Ulster who received faith and baptism from the Saint. Then it was that Diclu presented the Sabhal (Saul) or Barn to Patrick, and Patrick said:

*"The blessing of God on Diclu
Who gave me the Saul (Barn),
May he be hereafter
Heavenly, joyous, glorious.*

*"The blessing of God on Diclu,
Diclu with full flocks,
No one of his sept or kindred
Shall die, except after a long life."*

From these extracts it was evident that the place where Saint Patrick landed must have been in the neighborhood of Saul, and it only remained to identify "The frith which is Brennesse" and "Inver Slani," the mouth of the Slaney. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" is recorded, at the year A. M. 2546, "an inundation of the sea over the land of Brenna, in this year, which was the seventh lake eruption which occurred in the time of Porthalon, and this is named Lough Cuan." A distinguished Irish writer, in a note to this passage, observes: "This is called Fretum Brennesse in the second and fourth lives of Saint

Patrick, and was evidently the ancient name of the mouth of Strangford Lough, in the County of Down, as the lake formed by the Inundation was Loch Cuan, which is still the Irish name for Strangford Lough."

IT IS INTERESTING to record, remembering that the townland of Ballintogher was once known as Ballybren, that the name of the river which rises in an adjacent lough and flows into Strangford Lough at Ballintogher (once Ballybren) was accidentally discovered by the Historian while in conversation with an old woman of the district respecting the pursuit by the "Red Coats" in 1798 of a United Irishman named Coulter. Speaking of the escape of Coulter, the old woman said, "He forded the Slaney at Ringban." Thus the forgotten name of the river was brought to light, and the topographical difficulty cleared up. There near the termination of the Strangford river (Inver Bren) was the estuary of the Slaney (Inver Slani) where Saint Patrick and his companions landed within two miles of Saul.

Now, of the aforesaid companions one was a leper whom Patrick had cured when the crew of the ship in which the Saint was had refused to allow him to sail with them. The story of the leper's voyage from Britain to Ireland is related by Jocelyn, a Cistercian Monk of Furness, who flourished in the early part of the twelfth century. It is told in the picturesque and quaint language of that period:

"When the Blessed Patrick, speeding his journey toward Ireland, was

about to embark with his Disciples at a British Port, a certain leper standing on the shore met the Holy Man, beseeching in the name of the Lord Jesus that he would carry him over in his ship. The man of God, abounding with the bowels of compassion, listened to the prayers of the poor leper; but the sailors and the others that were in the ship forbade him, saying that the vessel was already enough loaded, and that he would be to them all at once an encumbrance and an horror.

"Then the Saint, confiding in the power of the Divine Mercy, cast into the sea an Altar of Stone, that had been consecrated and given to him by the Pope, and on which he had been wont to celebrate the holy mysteries, and caused the leper to sit thereon."

BUT the pen trembles to relate what, through the Divine Power, happened:

"The Stone thus loaded, was borne upon the waters, guided by Him, the Head Stone of the Corner, and, diverse from its nature, floating along with the ship, held therewith an equal course, and at the same moment touched at the same shore.

"All then having happily landed, and the Altar being found with its freight, the voice of praise and thanksgiving filled the lips of the holy Prelate, and he reproved his disciples and the sailors for their unbelief and hardness of heart, endeavoring to soften their stony hearts into hearts of flesh, even to the exercising of works of charity.

"And when the Saint with his people

drew nigh unto the shore, he beheld a multitude of devils gathered together in the form of a globe, surrounding the whole Island, and setting themselves against him even as a wall, to defend their own citadel, and to oppose his entrance. But his heart was not moved, nor did he tremble at the presence of these deformed ones, knowing that there were many with him more powerful than with them, even unto his triumph and their overthrow. Therefore stood he fixed in faith as Mount Sion, because mountains of Angels were around him, and the Lord encompassed His servant great and mighty unto the battle. And the holy Prelate, knowing that all those enemies were to be quelled by him, through the virtue of the Cross of Christ, raised his right hand and made the Sign of the Cross, and telling unto his people what he beheld, and confirming them in the Faith, unhurt and unterrified passed he over. Thus clothed with strength from on high, mightily did he exercise the armor of the Power of God, to the overturning of the Powers of the Air who raised themselves up against the wisdom of the Lord."

THE man of God landed with the companions of his voyage within the borders of Leinster, in the port of Inverde where a river flowing into the sea then abounded with fishes. And the fishermen were quitting the water, and drawing after them to the banks their loaded nets, when the servants of the holy Prelate, being wearied with their travel and with hunger earnestly sought that they

would bestow on them some of their fishes; but they, barbarous and inhuman, answered the entreaty not only with refusal, but with insult. Whereat the Saint, being displeased, pronounced on them this sentence, even his malediction, that the river should no longer produce fishes, from the abundance of which the idolaters might send empty away the worshippers of the True God.

FROM that day, therefore, is the river condemned to unfruitfulness, so that the sentence uttered by the mouth of Patrick might be known to proceed from the face of the Lord.

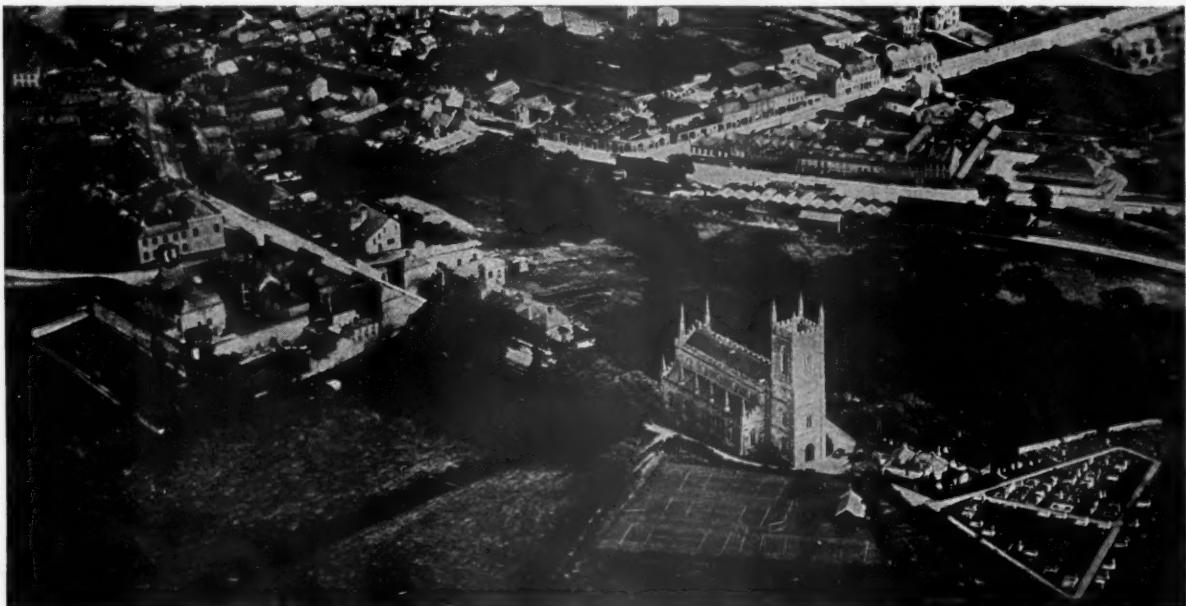
And the Blessed Patrick, embarking with his people, steered toward the Northern parts of the island, that he might overcome the Northern Enemy, and expel him from those hearts where he had fixed his seat. And the North-wind fell, and the South-wind arose that he might go into the quarters of the North, and plant therein the Garden of the Lord, breathing sweet odors; and the desire had come into his mind to bring into the Knowledge of Truth the King Milcho, who was yet living, to whom he had formerly been a servant, and to make him a servant of the True King, whose service is a Kingdom.

But forasmuch as the ways of man are not in his own power, but as his steps are directed of the Lord, he landed on the coast of Ulidia, that the vessels of mercy might there be gathered together. But Patrick, being come forth on the dry land, a multitude of Heathens met him, who were waiting and expecting his coming, for the Magicians and the Soothsay-

ers, either by divination or by prophecy, had foreknown that the Island would be converted by the preaching of Patrick, and had long before predicted his arrival in these words: "One shall arrive here having his head shaven in a circle, bearing a crooked staff, and his table shall be in the eastern part of his house, and his people shall stand behind him, and he shall bring forth from his table wickedness, and all in his household shall answer, 'So be it! So be it!' And this man when he cometh shall destroy our gods and overturn their temples and their altars, and he shall subdue unto himself the Kings that resist him, or put them to death, and his doctrine shall reign for ever and ever."

Nor let it seem strange nor incredible that if the Lord inspired, or even permitted, the Magicians should thus foretell the arrival and several acts of Saint Patrick, since the Soothsayer Balaam, and the King Nabuchodonosor plainly prophesied the coming of Christ, and since the devils bore testimony to the Son of God. But when they said that he should from his table bring forth wickedness, evidently doth it appear that he who never stood on the truth, but who from the beginning was a liar and the Father of Lies, did in his blasphemy utter these things through their mouths.

SO PATRICK came to Saul, of which of old it was said "There was a barn in the place, which the hero Dichu gave to the holy Patrick, and he desired that the house of God should be built towards the sun, after the form



Downpatrick, showing the Cathedral where St. Patrick is buried, and the road (top right) leading to Saul.

of his barn, and this request he obtained from the man of God. Then the holy Bishop laid in that place the foundation of the church mentioned. That place, from the name of the Church, is called in Irish to this day Saul-Patrick—the Barn of Patrick."

Saul, as the earliest Church founded by Saint Patrick, continued ever afterwards a favorite with him, and in it, when fatigued with missionary labors, he sought a resting place and a home. And when the days of his pilgrimage were drawing to a close, warned, it is said, by an angel, he sought its peaceful retreat, and thence, after having received the Blessed Eucharist from the hands of Saint Tassach, his holy soul passed into eternal glory.

The present church at Saul, erect-

ed on the site of Saint Patrick's Barn, was consecrated in September, 1866. In a niche in the chancel wall is preserved the original altar stone on which the leper is said to have sailed from Britain to Ireland.

It is ten feet in length, five inches in thickness, and four feet three inches in breadth, but, unfortunately, it is broken; the fracture, extending from end to end, divides it into two fragments, one being one foot nine inches, and the other two feet three inches in breadth. It was the high altar of Saint Patrick's ancient monastery at Saul, but after that had been laid a ruin, a man named Cadell, who in the year 1757 was warden of the Protestant church of Downpatrick, being engaged in erecting a dwelling house for himself in the

town, was desirous of making the old altar stone a door-step for his new house, and sent a wagon drawn by oxen to convey it from Saul to Downpatrick, but the oxen becoming restive—stricken, it is said, with mania—overturned the wagon on Saul hill and broke the altar stone. The man, feeling that he was engaged in a sacrilegious act, gave up the undertaking, but when his property wasted away and his family died out, the people attributed his misfortune to the vengeance of God.

The altar stone was carried from the hill on which it lay to Saul chapel after its erection in 1782, from which it was transferred to the new church, where, as has been said, in a specially prepared niche in the wall beside the altar it can be seen to this day.

THE PLEASANT GATEWAY

By
Neil Boyton, S.J.

A FRAID! Of what, your reverence?" exclaimed Jim Lamb, when I was visiting him a week ago Thursday. "Got a few minutes handy, Father?"

I always had for this white-haired guest of The Little Sisters of the Poor.

"Sit down there and don't be knocking me pipe off that table. Sister James has her own notions about tobaccer ashes on her floor. Poor child, she never pulled on a pipe. But as I was saying to your question, Father, I'm not a bit afraid to go when He says, 'Time's up.'"

I knew some of Jim Lamb's wholesome homemade philosophy of life was coming my way, if I only listened and occasionally shoved the tobacco nearer.

"You know, Father, my ideas about this here death have swung around in a sort of a Great Circle. Let me explain. Back in—well, I was eighty-four last St. Joseph's Day and I sort of slip up on dates. Now if I had been my Mom—God rest her! There was a woman with a head for dates!. Anyway, back when I was going on eleven I seen my first death close up. And I've never forgotten it.

"I was no taller than that wizened up old Al Blake over there by the window—I hear tell he's a hundred in two years—and I stood in the doorway the night my little sister Catherine went smiling Home. She was the littlest of us and when she was took down, the doctor said it was some heart trouble, but it came on mighty sudden. One week she was tripping on her way to school and the next she was in the big bed, looking paler and paler. Well, the

doctor came and he brought another and then they talked low to Pop and Mom. I seen Mom's eyes overflow and I knew it wasn't any good news them doctors gave her.

"But she was gentler than ever to Catherine—was Mom. And this night I came and stood in the doorway and looked and looked at the big bed. Mom was kneeling at Catherine's side and I seen she was trying hard to keep back the tears. I listened and I heard little sister saying, 'You know something, Mama? I've had the funniest feeling since yesterday.'

"Yes; darling?"

"The feeling is that you are not my real mother."

"But I am, darling."

"It isn't in that way, Mama," says Catherine and I took a step inside the door to hear little sister better.

"I HAVE a feeling that my real mother is standing up there." Here Catherine raised her hand and pointed above the foot of the bed.

"And she's smiling at me, Mama, only I can't see her yet."

"Mom looked up startled at the foot of the bed. She don't see nothing, no more than I did. But Mom knew that moment what was what. She motioned me with her lips to call Pop. I done it lickedly switch and when I came running back, there was Mom with her arm around Catherine's neck, a-holding her up in the bed and little sister was going fast. I heard Mom saying, 'Your

real mother and her Son have come to take you Home. My little girl will not be afraid to go, will she?'

"Little sister smiled up at Mom and said, 'Not when I know Jesus is waiting, Mama.'

"She warn't scared a bit—little sister warn't. That I could see.

"Well, Pop, he broke right down and bawled and while he was bawling I watched little sister. She kept looking and looking there at a spot over the foot of the bed. I looked too, but I don't see nothing there, but I known little sister did."

"THEN she sort of broke out all smiles, like a kid does when she comes on her Mom and Pop in a strange place. I watched close and I seemed to see a shadow pass over little sister's face, like she had stepped through a gateway.

"That was all. Mom laid her back on the pillow and Pop, he bawled worse than ever. But I knew then, little sister Catherine was glad to go when her time came. She just stepped through a gateway into a playground, that way."

"And that was my earliest idea of this here dying."

"Pass that tobaccer closer, will you, Father, please?"

Jim Lamb filled his disreputable old pipe. No wonder Sister James had not much use for it, as it was not a bottle of perfume. I scratched a match and held it protectingly over the bowl. Jim laid down a vile smoke screen and I waited.

"Well, you know, Father, I carried that pleasant idea of going Home through a gateway all the rest of my boyhood. Then the War of the

Rebellion came and, at first, I was too young to join Father Abraham's boys, but by '63, they weren't so particular and I listed. I was in Company K, 115th Infantry, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, and my baptism of fire came at Chancellorsville. My Captain's name was John Connolly—God rest him! A fine upstanding man with black hair and mustaches. He was as tall as you, Father, and twice as handsome."

"Thanks, Jim."

O NO HARM intended to your Reverence. We look as the good God made us--that is, leastwise, us men do. Some have features and others haven't. Why complain?

"We youngsters in K Company worshipped Captain. He had a way with him. But what was I telling you? O, yes, bloody Chancellorsville. It was several days close fighting and I have reason to remember that morning of May third, sixty-three.

"Me and the Captain were together. I was his orderly. He had lost two in the past twenty four hours. With our Company we were hidden in a bit of woods, waiting for orders to charge.

"It's funny how you remember a chance conversation sometimes. Captain was saying to me, just as if we were miles behind the lines, 'Jim, me lad, I'm going to take you to Chicago when this war is over. I have a brother in the grocery business out there and I'm going in with him.'

"Well, Cap, it ain't over yet," I says. Him and me had a sort of tissue paper protection of slim trees between us and the Johnnie Rebs. I never seen the whites of their eyes, but I could make out the color of one of those Rebs' hair. It was red.

"You're not getting scared, are you, youngster?" the Captain asked me, when a bullet clipt a leaf off a branch overhead and that leaf came tumbling down between us. I lied to Cap. I don't think Captain Connolly knew there was such an animal as fear on earth, he didn't.

"Well, as I was telling you, Father, we lay there waiting for the advance and talking of those Chicago plans when the rebellion would be broke.

"Cap, he knew I was sweet on his youngest sister, Sarah, and he was joking me in a nice way. How he was going to take Sarah to Chicago with him and how he knew I'd go out west by forced marches and all that sort of joshing.

"Well, Father, it happened like that."

Jim Lamb tipt his pipe and the dead ashes floated down to Sister James' immaculate floor. I pretended not to notice this near desecration of the floor.

"Just like that, Father. Cap was laughing and the next second the laugh was cut off, but the smile was still on his face. That red-haired

Johnnie Reb had put a bullet into the middle of Cap's forehead.

"That was the second death that I never forgot. Captain Connolly, he was a good man, but he always held the bullet that fitted his skull was not poured yet.

"Got another match handy, Father?"

Jim Lamb stretched out his withered hand and I obliged.

"Yes, your Reverence, Captain did not pass through any garden gateway. He dropt down one of them there elevator shafts. One second he was resting on General Lee's Virginia soil and the next he wasn't resting on any.

"Of course, you remember Lee defeated Hooker and I had not much chance, thinking of poor Cap during the weeks that followed. But I never forgot that death. And it sort of soured me on dying. I changed my ideas from those of my boyhood. The rest of the war I had a feeling my bullet was poured. But the watched pot never boils over, they say, and I got my honorable discharge and, yes, I took the train to Chicago. Sarah had gone there to her sister's home.

"It took me some hard years work to get on my feet financially and then we—Sarah and I—were married in old St. Patrick's Church.

"Then the childer came. There was the wee boy we named for Captain Connolly. Johnnie was born the week before Mrs. O'Leary's cow got frisky and kicked over the lantern, and he died while Chicago was still smouldering.

"Counting Johnnie, seven in all God sent to Sarah and me. And as He took them, I used to dread death. It was something grim and heart-stopping in those days when I was in me prime, if you know what I mean, Father.

"Sometimes, I heard the priests in the pulpit preach on death coming like a thief in the night. He came and stole five of the childer. Thief in the night! Thief in the night! That's what I thought of death in those days when I was strong.

"So there was Tim and Mary Ellen, Sarah and me left. Tim drifted out West. I hear he made good. He married a fine girl, anyway. Let me see, it's thirty-one—ninety-one. It's more than forty years since I set eyes on Timmy. He was man grown then. And they say one of his boys was named for me, but his Grand-daddy never seen him.

THEN Mary Ellen came to Sarah and me one evening and told us she wanted to be a Little Sister of the Poor. Sarah looked at me, that way she always done, when there was a question of a decision and I nodded yes. What would the likes of me, Father, be doing, standing in God's ways, if He wanted the child? So we

told Mary Ellen to run along and she done it.

"As you know, she took the name Sister James in religion and that's her now who has charge of this Old Men's corridor. She's a good girl and that patient with the old ones here, especially that wizened up Al Blake. He's a hundred in two years and a little childish at times. She's a good patient girl, is Sister James—Mary Ellen that was.

IHAD a little something put aside for Sarah and me when we got old. But again, a thief in the night! I woke one morning and there was Sarah cold dead alongside me. Mary Ellen wanted to come out of the convent and take care of me, when the rheumatism crippled me, but I would not hear of it. So it was settled that I would come to her, and here I am, awaiting.

"Eighty four last March, Father, and that crippled that I can't tend to the furnaces for the Little Sisters as I done so many years. But the Superior, she's a good woman too. She has her weaknesses and tobaccer ashes is one of them. She sent Sister James to me one day and she says, says Sister James, 'Now, Daddy, they've got a strong man for the furnaces and now all you'll have to do is smoke that abominable pipe of yours.' Sister James, she never liked the tobaccer, but she tried to pretend to me that she did get a kick out of it. She's a good girl, is Sister James, but at times she do be as finiky as me old Aunt Theresa, what never married, was in her day, only worse about her 'maculate floors and honest tobaccer ashes that never hurt any floor. I ought to know, Father, I've tipt enough on 'em.

"But I'm getting off what I was telling your Reverence. It's easy to see you're good at listening.

"So here I sits and smokes and when the old men want a bit of a chin, I chins with them, but most of the times I just sits and thinks and thinks over them other days. Sometimes it's about Sarah and the childer. Me mind must be loosening at times, for I can almost hear 'em—the childer shouting that way they would of an evening about the iron stove in the kitchen, before their mother would make us all kneel down and say our night prayers together. Then she'd bundle the young ones off in their white nighties to bed and they'd come to their Pop for a kiss apiece. Sister James, she was the littlest one and she'd grab off two.

"Then I thinks of Captain John Connolly and how surprised he must have been to fall into eternity. God rest him! 'He lived like a man and he died like a man and may God have mercy on his soul! Amen.' As it said once in a movie we seen in the Hall.

"But the thoughts that come most

often like are those about my little sister Catherine that went—glory be! It's almost three-quarters of a century ago since she smiled and tripped off through that gateway to meet her Real Mother and Jesus waiting.

"And do you know, Father, I've swung around to my little sister's idea of death? It's the only sensible one and it stands to reason that Jesus would be waiting for each one of us. He was waiting for Cap that morning at Chancellorsville, just as He was waiting for Catherine. And He's waiting for me. Sure, He knows me better than I do myself, and wasn't He kindly when He went about that Jewish country, patting the chilid on the head and making the blind ones look and the old rheumatic ones stand up and skip. Sure, Father, I don't mean in the least to be irreverent to your Reverence's presence,

but skipping is the most sensible thanks one of those crippled fellows could show the Lord, Who cured him.

"So you see, Father, I have boxed the compass, as me sailor Uncle Henry used to say, and have swung completely around to little sister's idea of dying. Now I'm a last leaf. Me wife and chilid and buddies have all stooped and past under that gateway and I sort of long to bow my head and step through it meself.

"Sure, Father, take it on the word of an old man, crippled with rheumatism and eighty-four last March, this here death is a gateway that leads to the home of friends. It'll not be hard to turn into that pleasant gateway when my time comes shortly.

"When I sits here and smokes or says me beads, as me good old mother taught me, I thinks of the

good times my own are having the other side this gateway and I get lonesomelike, but all the lonesomeness is for the other side of this gateway, not this side.

"I'd be sorry to leave me pipe and I'd be sort of sorry to say 'au revoir,' as the Frenchies says, to Sister James, but beyond them two, there is nothing I'd be sorry for.

"No, Father, I don't fear death. Pass that tobaccoe nearer. Thanks.—I was foolish ever to, and, like the good priest you look like, when Sister James tells you some morning soon that old Jim Lamb went through the gateway last night, you say a Mass for me, won't you, Father?"

I assured Jim that I would, and I didn't realize at the time that I would say that Mass two weeks to a day from that Thursday.

THE LEGION OF OUR LADY

(Continued from page 458)

careless and the bad. He has to lead the good and the best to an apostolic life. That demands some kind of spiritual work for one's neighbor. In a parish this can never be done without a system. What better system can a priest have than that in which men and women do *anything* he asks for Mary, and through Mary, for the good of souls? No parish is perfect. If the priest looks around, he will soon see the amazing amount of spiritual good that needs to be done. The Legion of Mary will do it for him.

An incessant cry one hears is that there are too many sodalities; that there is no room for another. But the Legion of Mary does not actually intensify the nightmare. The priest will find that only the best members in his sodalities will take up active Legion work. We cannot have too many spiritual men and women today in our parishes; nor can we afford to refuse the assistance of an organization whose sole existence is to help the priest to do any work he wishes when there is so much of the Anti-clerical complex in the modern Catholic. The Legion will not ruin any sodality, for one of its works is to practice membership of sodalities. The Legionaries are the best recruiting agents a priest can have. They will do more than half his pastoral work, and, as they only do the work he wishes, they will not cause interference. They simply multiply his presence and power among the people. The Legion apostolate will not offend even the most *peculiar* people. For they will be forced to admit that the Legionaries of Mary, as model Catholics, seek only their spiritual good.

An objection made by a priest to the Legion of Mary may be crystal-

lized in the phrases: "I have not got the right type of people" or, "My parish is too small." May I dare reply that there are potential Legionaries in every sodality: there are men and women in every parish awaiting to do apostolic work. What an eternal tragedy if the priest allow them to be idle all the day long! In the smallest parish there is a potential *Praesidium*. If the priest only knew the wonders that the Legion of Mary would work in his parish I have the absolute belief that he would instantly champion the Legion from the housetops. The Legion of Mary in a parish is a perpetual mission signalized in miracles.

A vision hallowed by apocalyptic splendors blinds the eyes of the

writer. In every parish of the Church he sees the standard of the Legion of Mary. Around it bishops, priests and people are gathered. There are no careless or bad Catholics any more: the Legionaries have drawn them to grace and fervor around that heavenly standard. In the outer darkness, lurid with eternal fires, he sees the finally impenitent whom miracles could not save. The forces of Anti-Christ have been flung back to the deepest Hell by the Legionaries armed by the power of their Queen, who marches at the head of her Legion with the Christ Child in her arms. Is it an impossible vision? Perhaps. But what Catholic will dare to say that it is impossible to the Blessed Mother of God?

Not a few families would like to be out of the depression before they're out of everything else.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

Another thing this world needs is a form of prohibition that will stop money from getting tight.—*Jacksonville Journal*.

And looking back at 1931, it seems that the only institutions giving our taxpayers a run for their money were the banks.—*Judge*.

As we understand it, our former allies would just as soon receive their reparations from Uncle Sam as from Germany.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald*.

It is reported that the depression has not seriously affected American educational institutions. Except, of course, the stock market.—*San Diego Union*.

It may be just envy, but it always seems to us that the people who get tax refunds from Washington don't need them.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin*.

A California detective is helping to investigate those bomb explosions at Easton, Pennsylvania. No doubt he'll find that Tom Mooney is the guilty party.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix)*.

Those who are trailing 'em are authority for the fact that a dollar goes farther nowadays.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

It seems that Europe can't give the United States anything but love, so it won't give anything.—*Ohio State Journal*.

World diplomats seeking a plan to prevent fighting might be able to get some good ideas from Max Schmeling's manager.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette*.

By
Hilaire
Belloc



MARY TUDOR

The Eighth of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation

MOST of the leading characters of the English Reformation have been presented to modern readers in a distorted fashion. In the case of those who were the most important, such as Thomas Cromwell and William Cecil, this distortion results in a false impression of the whole movement. Mary Tudor, Henry VIII's eldest child and only legitimate daughter, was not one of those characters which mainly moulded the Reformation period one way or the other. She was more acted upon than acting; but as her character has been more distorted than that of any other it is both of interest and importance for our judgment of the time to get it right.

Strongly Orthodox

THE reason that her character has been more distorted than any other is this: she was the most strongly orthodox Catholic of all the principal figures of the time. When she came to the throne she stood for the great mass of the nation in this respect, for the great mass of the nation was, of course, wholly Catholic in 1553 when she acceded, and could not imagine it could ever become anything else. It was under her government that the prosecution of the religious revolutionaries, who were also social and political revolutionaries, was carried out with the most activity. On these accounts the English writers, when England had become Protestant long after, tended to make Mary Tudor a more active figure than she was because they tended to make her villainy of the piece. A ridiculous picture was drawn of a vindictive fanatical woman, attempting to repress the universal dislike of Catholicism by a sort of reign of terror. Her short reign is still called, in the official English histories at Oxford and Cambridge, "the Marian Reaction,"

as though the English people were then progressing in a tide towards Protestantism and the short six years of Mary's reign were a mere abortive and cruel effort to check a great national movement.

All that, of course, is absurdly false: of all the falsehoods of the official history it is perhaps the one falsehood

THE true picture of Mary Tudor is that of a woman simple in character, like her mother, somewhat warped by isolation, devout, thoroughly virtuous, led of necessity by her all-powerful Council but in some points insisting upon her own will, and without too much judgment. She was also a woman suffering, like all Henry's children, from bad health and therefore dying early; a woman who was thoroughly representative in her religion of the bulk of the nation, and yet who was somewhat out of touch with the spirit of the nation in important matters, such as that of her Spanish marriage. It is further true that had she lived a few years longer England would probably be Catholic today, and had she had a child England would certainly be Catholic today.

most widely divorced from reality. There was no national movement towards Protestantism; the Queen was popular; the prosecution and execution of the religious revolutionaries excited no national protest; and as for Mary's personal character, it bears no resemblance to the character which the modern English Universities have been and are putting forward.

Partial vs. Total Falsity

BUT the curious thing is that those who should be the defenders of true, that is Catholic, history, have helped to perpetuate the legend by doing no more than answer individual points in it and not dealing with its falsity as a whole.

For instance, they point out that if Mary persecuted she was only acting according to the spirit of the time; that if she put to death a great number of Protestants, so under Elizabeth were put to death a much greater number of Catholics—and so on. They imply the whole time that the main thesis of their opponents is true, namely, that England was already Protestant or at least was divided into two halves—Protestant and Catholic; that the initiative in the executions proceeded from Mary herself, and that her government had no right to check rebellion.

Error Confirmed

WHEN you meet the falsehood of an opponent by picking holes in the details of what he says, while still admitting his general thesis, you only confirm the error which he desires to propagate: the right way of meeting false propaganda is by the statement of the truth and the vigorous erection of a true picture which shall cancel the false one.

The true picture of Mary Tudor is that of a woman simple in character, like her mother, somewhat warped by isolation, devout, thoroughly virtuous, led of necessity by her all-powerful Council but in some points insisting upon her own will, and without too much judgment. She was also a woman suffering, like all Henry's children, from bad health and therefore dying early; a woman who was thoroughly representative in her religion of the bulk of the nation, and yet who was somewhat out of touch with the spirit of the nation in important matters, such as that of her Spanish marriage. It is further true that had she lived a few years longer England would probably be Catholic today, and had she had a child England would certainly be Catholic today. For the English

people had always loved her and always regarded her as their true Queen, and would not have tolerated the rivalry of anyone against her descendants.

Mary Tudor was born in 1516, on February 18, when Henry and his wife Catherine of Aragon had been happily married for less than seven years, when the young King was still devoted to his wife and when everything was going well.

Queen Catherine had had great misfortunes in the matter of child-birth; children stillborn or dying immediately after birth, and one or two miscarriages. When therefore it was seen that the child would survive it was a matter of great rejoicing to the King and to the whole nation, of which she became a sort of idol. Henry hoped, of course, for a male heir, but as none came he and the nation took it for granted that the little Princess would ultimately become one of those great Queens who were so conspicuous a mark of the period, like her grandmother, Isabella of Castile.

Early Influences

THEN came the tragedy of Henry's infatuation for Anne Boleyn. We shall never understand Mary's character unless we appreciate the fact that she grew up under the influence of that tragedy, just in those years when strong emotions are felt and the whole character is formed. She was a very intelligent, very well educated, sensitive child in her twelfth year, devoted to her mother and standing in affectionate awe of her father (who doted on her) when the first news of a sort which could be told to a child came to her of Anne's disgraceful power over the King.

She was in her fourteenth year when the great trial was held under Wolsey and Campeggio in London by which Henry hoped to obtain his divorce from her mother, Queen Catherine. She was already quite able to understand everything that was happening and to burn with indignation against the abominable way in which her mother was being treated. She was a woman grown, in her eighteenth year, when Anne Boleyn was crowned Queen and was therefore in a position to heap indignity and insult not only on the legitimate Queen (who was now exiled from Court) but on the legitimate heiress to the English throne, Mary herself.

It was at such an age—eighteen—that Mary saw the illegitimate child of her mother's rival—the baby Elizabeth—proclaimed heiress to England and herself legally bastardized. Finally, when she lost her chief support by her mother's death, she was within six weeks of her twentieth birthday.

All that youth of hers had been passed in the one preoccupation of the shameful affair which was bitterly disastrous and humiliating to her. Her father would have renewed

his relations of affection with her if he could, but he was too weak, and Anne Boleyn always interfered. Henceforth she was utterly lonely and could depend for counsel and advice upon no one in the Kingdom, only upon her cousin the great Emperor Charles V, sixteen years older than herself and the head of her mother's family.

She stood out as best she could against the schism, but in her bewilderment and, under the strain of perpetual pressure, gave way, and in a tragic moment admitted Henry's supremacy, though in her heart of course she never accepted it.

So long as Henry lived, that is, till the year 1547, by which time Mary Tudor was a woman of nearly thirty-one and already marked by permanent grief, she remained in this anomalous position; and further troubles began with the accession to power of the gang of harpies who looted the Royal domain and the Church under her little half-brother, Edward VI. They tried to interfere with her practice of her religion and indeed she was only maintained in that by the active intervention of her cousin the Emperor.

When the diseased little lad died, an effort was made by Cranmer, Cecil, Dudley and the rest to substitute Lady Jane Grey for Mary's legitimate claim to the throne. They tried to trap Mary into coming to London, where they would certainly have imprisoned her and probably put her to death. She showed the greatest courage. Her cousin the Emperor advised her to take refuge on the Continent. She refused to do so. She made a prodigious ride of two days away from London eastward and there was an enthusiastic popular rising in her favor which destroyed the plans of the conspirators.

But here came the crisis. She could not reign without the great nobles, the very same people who had conspired against her. They were too powerful for her to do without them. She did, indeed, release from prison and take for her principal adviser the great Catholic Bishop Gardiner, a description of whose character shall follow, but she had to admit to the Council much the same sort of men as those who had been guilty of the orgy of loot of Church property under her little brother's nominal reign. She had to accept as an accomplished fact the millions they enjoyed out of the robbery of the Church, and she could not but feel all the time that her position was one of compromise.

Lack of Experience

POPULAR though she was with the mass of the English people and highly accomplished, she was handicapped in person and with no experience of the world, and had had little training in the judgment of character. She was, as I have said, of bad

health, she was short, prematurely aged (in her thirty-eighth year but looking fifteen years older), she had a rough deep voice almost like a man's, a head too big for her body, and altogether an unimpressive presence; and in her relations with the men and women about her she was much too ready to believe in the good and to doubt the evil.

Mary and Elizabeth

THIS was especially the case in her relations with her younger illegitimate sister Elizabeth. That young woman, only twenty when Mary came to the throne, was the figurehead at once of the small revolutionary party in religion and of all those thousands of newly enriched men among whom were now divided the spoils of the Church. They accepted in Parliament (which was entirely composed of their class) the reconciliation with Rome, but only on condition that they could keep the monastic lands; and each of them would certainly have felt more secure in his ill-gotten gains with Elizabeth instead of Mary on the throne.

At the very beginning of her reign the matter of her marriage went wrong. It was imperative that she should be married soon, that there should be an heir to the throne. Gardiner, her Chancellor and chief minister, advised a marriage with an English noble, Courtenay, the only suitable native candidate. But he was quite a young man, dissolute and therefore repulsive to her; she decided against Gardiner's advice, and after much hesitation and repeated prayer she determined to marry her cousin Philip, the Emperor's son, to whom had been given the Kingdom of Spain and the Netherlands: a young fellow fifteen years younger than herself.

This marriage was somewhat unpopular throughout England but was especially so in London and the Home Counties. It was most unpopular with the rich, because, throughout Europe the quarrel of the Reformation was now long established and Philip, standing as he did as the head of the Catholic cause, seemed to endanger the continued possession by the new millionaires of the Church lands which they had stolen in England. The discontent was fanned by the French King and his Ambassador in London, because the marriage would increase the power of Spain, France's rival at the time. There was an insurrection which very nearly succeeded, backed with French money and French guns and launched under the promise that there should be a French invasion in aid of it.

This insurrection, called Wyatt's Rebellion, was put down; but Mary was far too merciful on this occasion, she spared her young half-sister Elizabeth who was undoubtedly mixed up in the affair, and she be-

lieved Elizabeth when that Princess declared herself whole-heartedly Catholic and disavowed the religious revolutionaries. But those revolutionaries were now not only religious, they were also political revolutionaries and many of them social revolutionaries as well. During the six years of Edward VI's nominal reign they had had their way, they had tasted power and it gave them courage. Moreover the sincerely religious enthusiasts among them had an intensity of feeling which made them exceedingly dangerous.

Philip, now King of England side by side with the Queen, was—on the advice of his father the Emperor—strongly in favor of dealing with the danger as a purely civil and political one; his Chaplain was ordered to preach a sermon advising toleration, his idea and that of the Emperor being that the revolutionaries should be dealt with as traitors rather than as heretics.

But the Council, which in those days was the real governing power, was exasperated by seeing a foreign Prince acting as their rival and, *largely out of opposition to him*, they determined upon the opposite policy—to which Mary herself was quite willing to accede. They would try to put down the revolutionaries as heretics, rather than as traitors.

When, therefore, a sermon was preached by one of the fanatics praying for the Queen's death, instead of getting the culprit hanged for treason, which would probably have been the wiser course, they proceeded to inaugurate a policy of prosecutions for heresy. For one man who would have risked death under the infamous

charge of treason there were ten who were ready to offer themselves as martyrs for various forms of intense anti-Catholicism, principally Calvinist.

Therefore the Council's original hope that a few executions would be sufficient to suppress the revolutionary movement failed; and though the executions were restricted to a comparatively small part of England they were numerous and continuous. They were especially numerous in London, which was the one great town of the Kingdom, the one place where opinion could be easily inflamed and where also was the chief strength of this small religious minority. The north and west were almost untouched and the Midlands were not seriously disaffected.

Tudor and Queen

IN THIS way the last half of Mary's reign was filled with the perpetual attempt to suppress the revolutionary movement as a religious rather than as a political thing. A few more years of persecution would almost certainly have been successful, but it was cut off short by Mary's death at the end of 1558, when she had reigned only five and a half years.

It is significant that the chief promoter of these burnings was Paget, a man personally indifferent in religion but himself one of the new millionaires, filled with Church loot. It is significant also that the Council was so determined in its policy, in order to show its power against Philip, that its members even took advantage of Mary's illness to try to put to death one of her own favorites, whom she

with difficulty saved. But all the while it must be remembered that Mary herself remained personally popular, especially with the poorer people, with whom she mixed humbly and charitably, while her undoubted position as legitimate Tudor and true Queen was enthusiastically acclaimed to the end.

Philip soon after the marriage had left for the Continent, where his presence was necessary in the war against France. The Queen was supposed to be with child, everything was made ready for the birth, but it was a false alarm; she was not pregnant but suffering from the dropsy from which she died. Her death was very holy and beautiful. She died as her mother had died, hearing the Mass which was being said in her death-chamber in the early hours of a dark winter's morning; and it is pathetic but pleasant to remember that as she died she imagined that angel children were about her bed.

With her death the whole gang immediately seized power, using Elizabeth whom she had spared and whom she had regarded as her successor, because she had been deceived by the violent protestations of Catholic loyalty on the part of that Princess.

With the death of Mary and the advent of Elizabeth began that slow and ultimately successful effort to drive the Mass out of England and destroy Catholicism in the people. But Mary died under the impression that the situation had been met, and that the national religion, to which the great majority of Englishmen still adhered, was no longer in grave or imminent peril.

DESOLATION

By

Charles Carter

from a giant's bow, the white Via Appia speeds arrowlike past the Villa's western boundary, southwards to Capua and the sea. To the west, one's gaze passes over vast areas of open campagna, now brown, now green; now flat, now rolling, till finally the eye is stopped by the skyline of the sea, the glistening, blue Tyrrhenian.

There are two times best suited to admire this noble view, two times when its silent voice speaks loudest. One is a moonlight night, when the landscape's tones are softened with an argent hue, and the brilliant

swathe of sheen on the sea, where you see the waves like ripples glint, seems to lead straight to "the pale ports of the moon." All bathed in moonshine thus, the nearby grove of Italian pines resembles an army of giant mushrooms. Space and distance lose their value, so that one thinks he can reach across the campagna and save the moon from falling into the sea.

The other time is at the close of an autumn day, when the deep red sun is steadily dropping down, down into the water. Then it is that the campagna assumes the appearance of some huge palette, richly smeared with grays, brown, greens, mauves, yellows; each gently fading into the other. Then it is that the sea seems a pool of molten gold, soon to be run-

VILLA Santa Caterina, the summer home of the North American College, looks out from its surrounding foliage across an incomparable panorama. Formerly the property of the patrician Orsini family, this lovely retreat is situated on the farthest slope of the Alban Hills, twelve miles south of Rome, at the edge of the quaint village of Castel Gandolfo, soon again to be the summer residence of the Popes.

The Villa commands an unbroken view of the campagna from the Sabines to the sea, from hazy Soracte at the north to Anzio and the fringes of the Pontine marshes at the south. Rome itself, sprawled across a vast extent of plain, dominated by the Dome of St. Peter's, seems basking at its feet; and from The City, as

ning over when the great mass of the sun drops into it.

At times like these, the students are used to gather on the villa roof to admire the lavish, ravishing, magnificence-of nature. Some stand aside in silent admiration; others in groups talk in low tones, pointing; all are fascinated by the haunting, charming attraction of the *campagna* and the sea, all hear its call.

Some men there be who go down to the sea in ships, to do business in many waters; and there are some American students at Villa Santa Caterina who have gone down afoot for a much more romantic reason: the urge for adventure, the urge to go places and see things to which one has been attracted from afar.

A FEW years ago I was one of several who could resist the call no longer, so we pioneered two routes across the fifteen miles of *campagna* to the sea: one to Pratica di Mare, the Lavinium of Aeneas, the other to Ardea, also of classical origin. The former excursion was signalized by the Princess Borghese serving us tea in the garden of her practically feudal palace at Pratica, but it was on this latter trip to Ardea that The Thing happened.

In the cool of the early morning, just as the mists were lifting from low places in the *campagna*, we started out, carrying light lunches which we would augment with a *fiasco* of wine at Ardea.

Past the Via Appia; past the public wash pool and the cheerful chatter, the plaintive song of the women; past the empty basin of an ancient volcanic lake; past a rusty old feudal farmhouse; past a lichen-covered gateway, adorned with a della Robbia Annunciation in majolica; down the quiet country we hiked, faces toward the sea.

This lane was made for (and by) men and donkeys. It was rough and uneven, being characterized by outcroppings of *peperino*, a local volcanic stone. Either side was fenced by hedges, and beyond these stretched acres of ripening grapes, from which the justly celebrated wines of the castles are made. Here and there a field of blue-gray *broccoli*, or a brake of bamboo cane grown to train grapevines on, relieved the monotony.

Now we left the sloping lane and reached the rolling plain of the open *campagna*, with extensive pasture for herds of the longhorned cattle of Lazio. We crossed the Cassino-Naples railway at La Pavona. It was hot now, and we paused each hour to rest ten minutes. The Alban Hills seemed to drop lower behind us the farther away we got, but for many miles the white Villa could be discerned among the trees. The castelli Romani—Castel Gandofo, Albano, Ariccia, Genzano, Velletri—were strung along the Via Appia like beads on a chain.

It was less fun now, as we trudged through the desolate *campagna*, oppressive with the clamor of its silences. Less pleasant still was the rocky road between the gnarled cork trees that finally led us to our Grail-city, Ardea.

Brown, sunburnt, bleak, it lifted its poor walls on the brow of a low cliff, approached by a portaled roadway, where the fountain was.

And this was Ardea, terminus of the Via Ardeatina, and capital of the Rutuli "in the brave days of yore." Now it is the acme of isolation of dreariness. Once daily a small bus rattles here from Rome, and returns, leaving it more dreary and scarcely less isolated than before. In such villages—and they are many—the parish priest and the schoolmaster are the only outposts of culture. Government is quietly but effectively represented by a brace of the omnipresent *carabinieri*. This was Ardea.

Before My Crucifix

By Mary Caroline Lyons

DULL senseless clod of earth am I,
To see Thy wounds and pass
Thee by;
Complacently Thy feet I kiss,
Aloof from my deep guilt in this
Stark tragedy.

Dear God, to think that I have stood
Among the mob which craved Thy
blood;
Here at Thy feet in deepest shame,
I beg Thy love, yet share the blame
Of Calvary.

It was not difficult to find the single wine shop, and carrying our *fiasco* of wine we were soon ready to continue our trek. But not yet.

Word had spread like wildfire that five priests, more than had been seen there since the apostolic era, and speaking a strange tongue, were come to town. Actually, only two of us were priests, but we all wore cassocks alike. The curious crowded around. A tearful old woman, wringing her hands, drew closer, pleading: "Father, come to the poor dead man. Come for the love of God."

We learned that the parish priest had left the morning before to go to Albano to see a physician, and during his absence a man had died of malaria, after having been sick only a few hours. It was far too late to anoint him, we knew, and it was not clear just what we could do, but we were willing to do all we could for these of Christ's poor to whom their religion is their all.

A bunch of dirty, pretty children led us to the musty, archaic church.

In the sacristy we found the parish priests ritual, and donned surplices and stoles. The little boys put on cassocks and surplices, one got the holy water bucket and brush, while the little girls, who knew they could have no part in all this, stood by wide-eyed, some holding babies as large, almost, as themselves.

Then one of the most remarkable processions ever seen even in Ardea strewed across the open places till it halted before a sun-beaten house, the house of the dead man.

Through a small front room, cluttered with tinned copper pots and pans, and strings of garlic, we passed into the other room, larger, with one small window, a cheap oleograph of His Majesty the King, another of the Queen of Sorrows, and the matrimonial certificate.

On this bed lay two figures, almost equally still. The one, the dead peasant, noble in man's last estate, clad neatly in his good clothes, his brown hands twined around with a rosary, with mosquito netting spread over him. At his side, for this last time, lay his wife, exhausted by grief.

And so, awed, we knelt beside the bed and recited the Chapter For a Dying Man and the *Miserere*, and sprinkled the corpse with holy water, blessing it. As we rose to go, the widow cast herself recklessly on her dead spouse, crying: "My beloved, O God, my beloved." Gently the old woman put her back, and replaced the netting.

Outside, they told us how he had been sick for a day or so, but had seemingly recovered, and was up when the priest left. Late that afternoon, however, he had relapsed and died in a few hours, leaving four small children, for he was a young man. The *parroco* would be back tonight, they said, and the funeral would be in the morning, because it was hot, and Ardea was innocent of morticians.

AND then, finally, we went on down to the sea, two more miles, across the most desolate, forsaken country one can well imagine, till at last over the bracken-covered dunes we heard the roar of the sea, and were cooled by its bracing air.

A broad, smooth beach stretching for miles and miles; the warm, early afternoon sun beaming down, and glistening blindingly on the water; no living thing, no sound except the water's wet whisperings.

We waded, and swam, and lolled, and lunched, and talked, and sang; but mostly we were still and silent, enthralled by the restless restfulness of the sea.

To us, the abandoned coast seemed like the dead man's years, and the vastness of the restless waters had all the haunting mystery and eternity.

How desolate it was! And yet not so desolate as that poor widow's grief.

PAINTERS

By

Norman Kelly, C.P.

*of the Sacred
PASSION*



OUR suffering Redeemer has always been an inspiration to the great artists of every age. In this subject the old masters found a glory always Divine and a love too ardent to be human. They painted the suffering Saviour with an eye to edification and sought to preach by their canvases devotion to Christ Crucified. At a time when learning was the good fortune of the favored, and the ability to read the written word was restricted to the few, these pictures of Christ's Passion were the *libri idiotorum*, the "books of the simple minded," wherein might be read that "greater love" which Christ preached and exemplified. Christian art, therefore, illustrates faith in Jesus Christ, "the Word made flesh," and the "Lamb slain from the beginning of the world."

Christ with the great masters is Divine. There is no doubt of that. In their pictures controversy finds no place and the devotion and reverence of the painter show very plainly the soulful faith of the Christian. Every device of art is used to arrest the attention of the beholder, that he may contemplate the sufferings of the God-man and compassionate the Divine Victim. The nimbus is always around His head and points Him out to the most ignorant spectator. "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son" is the ever-present theme.

In viewing these paintings, therefore, it should always be borne in mind that the idea of the artist is instruction and edification; to teach the sad part of the gospel story to the illiterate. These pictures are to be regarded as aids to faith rather than objects of gratification to the aesthetic sense. The "books of the simple" should be easily read.

The Crucifixion (School of Giotto) in the Church of St. Mary Novella, Florence, Italy.

Then, too, the old masters are of value historically. These works, highly prized by their owners, are art treasures, significant to civilization of the general value of the art of painting. Yet, most of them, despite their faults, have an added value. They are records of a state of mind; of the spiritual feeling of the times in which they were made. In the canvases of the masters we can discern, besides contemporary manners, customs, dress, etc., the current religious feelings of the day. All great religious pictures of the Passion are equally great religious historians. They depict the soul of not one man, but of many.

The term Passion art is used somewhat loosely to designate a shorter or longer period in the life of Our Lord. Strictly it should refer to the last twenty-four hours of Christ's life, beginning with the Agony in the Garden and ending with the Crucifixion. Some historians of art use the term to cover Our Lord's life from His triumphal entry into Jerusalem to His glorious Ascension.

WE look in vain for Passion art in the early centuries of Christianity, for scenes portraying the actual sufferings of Christ. Even in the catacombs there are no delineations of the Passion. Instead we find only symbolical representations. Various explanations of this are given; the fear of making Christianity repellent to the classic Greek and Roman; the apprehension that the new convert would mistake these representations for idols; the great reverence of the early Christian for the sacred mysteries. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule: an image of the Crucified carved on ivory and preserved in the British Museum, attrib-



The Last Supper, by Angelico, in the Museum of St. Mark, Florence.

uted to the fifth century, and the figure of Christ on His cross between two thieves in the famous Syriac gospel, kept in the Laurentian Library in Florence and assigned to the year 586.

ACCORDING to some historians it was the Particular Council of Constantinople (629) that brought Passion art into existence. The decree of this Council, say these writers, gave the impetus and encouragement to genius to portray the historical in place of the symbolic Christ. Thereafter, we have pictures without number of the Man of Sorrows Who bore our sins "In His own body upon the tree." The imaginations of artists were let loose and supplied not only historical scenes but others purely fictitious.

Pictures of the Passion crowd every era of later Christian art, but it is the thirteenth century and the years directly following which give us those glorious masterpieces of art and piety. At this time the Poverello of Assisi (1182-1226) and the sainted Dominic (1170-1221) preached devotion to Christ's Passion. Their burning words gave to the artists of their day the inspiration to achieve those glorious triumphs on canvas and in marble depicting the suffering Saviour.

At this time important serial treatment of the life of Christ gave more than half its space to Passion subjects. In St. Mark's, Venice, a set of mosaics dating back to the thirteenth century has six Passion pictures. The artist is unknown.

The two great original painters of the Passion of Christ are Duccio di Buoninsegna (1260?-1339?) and Giotto (Ambro-Giotto di Bordone, 1266?-1336?). These two, Duccio and Gi-

otto, are the pioneer painters of the Passion. The first was a Siennese, the other a Florentine. Duccio painted his Passion series on the reverse side of his great altar piece of the Madonna for the Siena Cathedral. The altar piece was afterwards sawed transversely and his Passion pictures placed in the Opera del Duomo. His compositions include twenty-six subjects, beginning with the Entry into Jerusalem and ending with the Walk to Emmaus. This series on the Passion by Duccio is really the original foundation upon which many successors were to build. Giotto's frescoes, completely covering the walls of the Arena chapel in Padua, are one of the greatest existing monuments of Christian art. In his series of the life of Christ this master devotes thirteen of twenty-three pictures to the Passion.

Barna (1280-1350), a contemporary of Giotto, painted, at Arezzo, a series of frescoes illustrating the life of Christ in which nine pictures of twenty-two are of the sufferings of our Lord. In the Slav Monastery of St. Jerome, consecrated in 1372, there is a series of Our Lord's life and another in the Berlin gallery dating about 1380. In both of these works a majority of the pictures portray the sufferings of Christ.

IN the Academy of Florence, Fra Angelico (Giovanni de Fiesole, 1387-1455) has thirty-five paintings illustrating the life of Christ, of which twenty-two depict the sad story of God's love for man. This artist, a Dominican lay brother, is known for his unique and peculiar sweetness of delineation and for the admirable character of the countenance of Our

Divine Lord. Ghiberti (Lorenzo di Cione, 1378-1455), a contemporary of Angelico, designed the bronze doors for the Baptistry of Florence in twenty scenes of which eight treat of the Passion. Giovanni Bellini of Venice (1428-1516) and Paolo Morando, the Veronese Raphael, have left us many paintings of Christ Crucified.

AT the close of the fifteenth century the Renaissance had dominated art in Southern Europe and pious subjects of Our Lord's life and death in serial form declined in favor. Yet, we have many separate masterpieces depicting the Passion by the great artists of this period. These three centuries following the fifteenth constitute the most remarkable art period in the history of the world.

Great artists of the Passion clutter the fifteenth century. Giovanni Pisano, Guido da Siena, Bongigli Benedetto, Crivelli, Andrea Mantegna, Perugino, Andrea Solario, Clima da Coregliano, Antonello de Messina, all contributed masterful pieces to our subject.

During this time Leonardo Da Vinci (1452-1519) painted his remarkable Last Supper; his famous disciple, Luini (1477?-1533) his celebrated Crucifixion; Raphael Sanzio (1483-1530) his Christ upon the Cross and the Entombment. From the famous Titian (Tiziano Vecelli, 1477-1576) we have two pictures each of Christ crowned with thorns, the Ecce Homo, of Christ Bearing His Cross, and the Great Entombment.

That supreme master of art, Michelangelo Buonarrotti (1475-1564) flourished at this period and sketched the Crucified and carved the Pieta



The Kiss of Betrayal, Christ Meets His Enemies, The Dead Christ, The Descent from the Cross—from the Cologne School (1380) in the Berlin Gallery.

for Saint Peter's, Rome, and his Deposition for the Cathedral of Florence. A pupil of the great Florentine, Volterra (1509-1566) made his masterpiece, the Descent from the Cross. Tintoretto (1518-1594) painted many scenes of the Passion on the walls of the Church of San Rocco, Venice. Correggio (Anton Allegri, 1494-1534) left to an admiring posterity his Agony in the Garden, his Ecce Homo, and the Descent from the Cross; Guido Reni (1575-1642) his lovely Mater Dolorosa and Ecce Homo.

Dolce, Razzi, Bessano, Pordenone, Rominino, Veronese, Moretti, Melloni, Medola, Mazzolini, Marconi, Cigoli, Galassi, Cagliari, Gaddi, Botticini, Il Sodoma (Giovanni Buzzi), Giorgiano (Georgio Barbarelli), Caravaggio (Michael Amerighi) and Tiepolo, all contributed no small share to the treasury of Passion art during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

At the close of the fifteenth century, Christ suffering as an art subject declined in popularity in the later Italian school, but at the same time rose to its zenith in the North. Among the Dutch and the Germans, brutal realism and shocking horror take the place of the Italian appeal for love and pity. We look in vain for the charming simplicity of line and color in the German School which is characteristic of those glorious masterpieces of Sienna, Padua or Florence. Still these masters sought to impress their beholders and must have used the means best adapted to that end.

THE first record of Passion art in Northern Europe is found in the Colmar Museum, a series of sixteen pictures beginning with the Last Supper and ending with the Descent of the Holy Ghost. Two of these are by Martin Schongauer (1450-1491). Memling (1460-1524) painted another series of the sufferings of Our Lord which now grace the walls of the Turin Gallery. The Holbeins, father (1460-1524) and son (1497-1543), contributed a goodly share to Passion art. The older has an altarpiece in the Stadai Institute, Frankfort, and one in the Munich gallery containing scenes from the Sacred Passion. The British Museum and the Basle Gal-

lery have paintings and pen-and-ink drawings of the sufferings of Christ by Hans Holbein, the younger. Some of these are finely conceived and executed; others are crudely done.

THE famous Round Passion, so called because of their circular form, by that fine artist, Lucas Van Leyden (1494-1533), the most conservative of German masters, is a series of nine compositions detailing the scenes of Our Lord's sufferings from the Agony in the Garden to the Crucifixion. This artist has also a Passion series of fourteen pictures, one of which

hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

ALBRECHT DURER (1471-1528) is perhaps the most celebrated of all the German masters who painted or etched a Passion series. Critics say of him that he, above all the Northern artists, best assimilated the quiet grace and dignity of the Italian School. He had the delicacy of Leyden without the grotesqueness of the Holbeins. Canon Farrar thinks his Crucifixion scene is the best painting of the subject. This artist is also famous for his wood cuts of the Pas-



Jesus Showing His Wounds to St. Thomas. By Giotto, In the Royal Gallery of Ancient and Modern Art, Florence.



Christ on the Cross, the Raising of the Cross, Christ Stripped of His Garments, Christ Before Pilate—from the Cologne School (1380) in the Berlin Gallery.

sion. One entitled the Greater Passion, the other, the Little Passion, so called on account of the respective size of the blocks, fifteen by ten and three-quarter inches ($15 \times 10\frac{3}{4}$ in.), and five by three and seven-eighths inches ($5 \times 3\frac{7}{8}$ in.). The Greater Passion has twenty subjects; the Little Passion thirty-seven, of which twenty-three deal exclusively with Our Lord's sufferings.

Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640) of the Dutch School and his famous pupil Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641) have contributed numerous works of love to Passion art. Rubens' Descent from the Cross in the Antwerp Cathedral is one of the best known pictures in the world. Van Dyck is justly celebrated for his many Crucifixion pictures. In them we see only the solitary sufferer lifted up against a strange dark sky.

ANOTHER master of the Passion of the Netherlands School is Rembrandt (1606-1669), that "inspired Dutchman," as Mrs. Jameson calls him. To his great paintings in chiaroscuro and to his many etchings he brought, the critics tell us, "a grand and an uncouth soul." Still he is justly regarded as one of the greatest masters. His Life of Christ and especially his Ecce Homo and Deposition are among his finest compositions.*

*The New York Times recently carried the news item telling of the recovery of three masters stolen from the art gallery in Moscow in 1927. They are: A picture of Christ by Rembrandt, Titian's Ecce Homo, Saint John by Dolci and the Scourging of Christ by Pisano.

In the early Spanish School we have such Passion painters as Luis de Morales (d. 1586), the great Velasquez (1599-1660), Alonso Cano (1601-1682), and wonderful Murillo (1617-1682) with his exquisite Veronica's Veil and his Agony in the Garden. In the French School we have Le Seur (1617-1665) and Charles Le Brun (1619-1690).

tempted with strict archaeological accuracy of detail. The figure of Christ suffering is prominent in them all.

Then, too, we have distinct achievements from the brushes of such artists as Hoffmann, Liska, Ford Maddox Brown, William H. Hunt, Burne-Jones, Fritz Van Uhde, C. Guger, Munkacsy, Verestchagin, Morot and many others. A solitary American has created quite a stir among artists with his Crucifixion in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. A powerful work which atones for much shortcomings in religious art in America.

EDITOR'S NOTE

OTHER articles with illustrations of world-famous paintings of the Sacred Passion will appear more or less regularly in subsequent issues of *The Sign*.

AMONG the Moderns we find some fine examples of Passion art but time has not crowned them. In our own times the art serial of the Life of Christ has taken the form of the illustrated Bible. Johann Frederick Oberbeck published in 1853 his "Darstellungen und den Evangelion," and Gustave Dore his Bible with two hundred and thirty drawings. Alexandre Bida in 1873 illustrated the Gospel texts with one hundred and twenty-eight etchings. James Tissot (1836-1902) spent ten years achieving his three hundred and fifty aquarells and many pen drawings. His series is the first ever at-

PASSION painters are a veritable roll-call of the great masters of every age and nation. They have brought to this subject a technique admirable in quality and a piety inspiring in its devotion. These great artists have done yeoman service for the suffering Master in promoting devotion to His Sacred Passion. Their works are monuments to the fervor of the Middle Ages and were largely instrumental in keeping alive the faith of the people of their times. These "books of the simple minded" have preached the doctrine of the Divine Sacrifice in tones that mock the puny eloquence of the preacher and carry an appeal more persuasive than the written word of the scholar. The high thunderings of Savonarola have been hushed in death for centuries but Fra Angelico still speaks to us of the great love of Christ Crucified.



Agony in Gethsemani, The Scourging, Christ Before Caiphas, Christ Before Annas—from the Cologne School (1380) in the Berlin Gallery.

The TOLERANCE of CATHOLICISM

PARADOX

is very far from my purpose. After nearly twenty years spent in the Catholic Church, following an experience of Protestantism which ranged from the Plymouth Brethren, among whom I spent my boyhood, to the Unitarians, whom I left to become a Catholic, I could say with Coventry Patmore that the fullest intellectual freedom I have found is in my own Communion: "There is no other which would allow me to think and say exactly what I choose." It is because the question is so generally misunderstood that I am writing this article.

But first let me tell a story which is a kind of parable. One of my children, a boy of eleven, was asking me a few days ago about Nebuchadnezzar and Nabuchodonosor: were they two different men? I told him these were two forms of the same name; that in the Catholic version of the Bible it was Nabuchodonosor and in the Protestant version of the Bible Nebuchadnezzar. "But, daddy," he exclaimed, "is there really a Protestant version of the Bible?"

In the same way Protestants, though most of them have discovered, from personal contact, that Catholic priests are usually easy-going men not at all addicted to the compulsory reformation of society, they nevertheless firmly believe that the Church is committed to the suppression of all opinions that do not coincide with her own, that the terms "Tolerance" and "Catholic" are irreconcilable.

I

IT would perhaps be exaggerating to say that only Catholics are capable of practising tolerance, but it is not exaggerating at all to say that Catholics are capable of practising it more amply than modern Protestants. The reason for this is self-evident. Only the man of definite belief is able to exercise tolerance towards beliefs that are hostile to his own; because tolerance is extended not towards what one considers a good but towards an evil thing.

The man without any settled body of doctrine is, therefore, completely incapacitated from practising this virtue. To say that all religions are equally good is not to be tolerant but contemptuous of all religion. Those

By
Theodore Maynard

who utter this nonsense really mean either that all religions are equally bad, or else that all are equally negligible. And in either case they usually make a special exception condemnatory of Catholicism.

NOW if a man's religion is going to be of any use to him, if it is worth being called a religion at all, that man must have a conviction as to its truth. This conviction inescapably forces the further conclusion that the followers of other religions are in error. He may allow that these false religions have much that is admirable in them, that many truths are mingled with their falsehoods, and that they may be capable of producing saintly character. But only in so far as they coincide with his own religion is he logically free to admit that they are good. This proposition applies with equal force to the Jew, the Mohammedan, the Catholic and the Protestant—all of whom, in proportion to the firmness of their faith (and only to that proportion) are capable of showing tolerance towards those who differ from them. The mass of people in a society like our own have nothing better to offer to religion than indifference.

It could be urged, of course, that such indifference is more conducive to the peace of society than religious conviction which, as history shows, only too often results in religious intolerance, with all its wars and persecution. But to allow indifference to smother intolerance on this account does not promote tolerance. This virtue we must admit to be a difficult one in any circumstances; but, then, all virtues are difficult to practise. To exchange tolerance, because of its difficulty, for indifference is to give up a large positive good in favor of a small negative good: nor will I object to foregoing the quantitative adjectives so long as the main point is conceded.

It so happens, however, that history is able to point to frequent cases of irreligious intolerance as well as of religious intolerance. The persecutions of the Christians in the Roman empire did not spring from dogmatic

causes; the religious beliefs that prevailed in official circles at the time were, as now, vague and perfunctory. The trouble was that the Christians had introduced into the society of the time the disturbing element of passionate conviction.

In the same way our own society is capable of exercising religious intolerance, though it is itself largely devoid of religious faith. There still hangs over us the possibility of persecution, not indeed applied in the arena or at the stake, but through a general discrimination against the adherents of an obnoxious creed. This in fact already exists, and, while we may grant that it is less drastic than other possible forms of persecution, it might also be argued that it is more widely reaching.

Again, the older and more direct kind of religious persecution was at least carried out by due process of law. Responsibility for it could be personally fastened upon its instigators and instruments who, in consequence, ran a certain honorable risk, whereas today it is secret, disingenuous and cowardly. We do not really do away with intolerance by inducing a mood of bland indifference towards religion so long as some religious group exists that takes religion seriously. People are bound to be irritated, by such a phenomenon in their midst and in their irritation will act against it, though perhaps in a different mode than they would were they inflamed with the distinctive beliefs of their special cult.

II

OUR problem therefore is to make men at once religious and tolerant.

In the case of Catholicism it might seem that the Church begins with not only the most intolerant but the most intolerable of all propositions: *Extra ecclesia nulla salus* (outside the Church there is no salvation). Yet to affirm that outside of the Church there is no salvation is really to affirm no more than the paramount obligation due to the truth. In point of fact the Church, while every day reasserting the fundamental principle of her religious belief, while every day claiming to be a unique institution, applies her principles in the most generous fashion.

She can say nothing else than that the unbeliever and the contumaciously wicked will go to a very hell for all eternity; but she says nothing as to how many actually go there.

In the Middle Ages theologians guessed (it was no more than a guess) that the most to be hoped for was that one out of every thousand souls would find salvation. The modern Catholic has a wider hope (based also upon a guess). This might perhaps be expressed best in a story told of the poet Father Tabb. He was preaching one of his infrequent sermons at a children's Mass in Richmond, Virginia, and he began: "My dear children, there is one and only one of God's creatures whom we positively know to be damned. That creature is the devil." Then after a pause, and in order that none of his hearers should extract from his words encouragement to spiritual recklessness, he went on: "But though the devil is damned, you must never forget that the devil is no damned fool."

The Catholic Church insists, likewise, upon the necessity of baptism for conversion. She says, however, that baptism may be (as it normally is) by water, or by blood (the case of those martyred before they had been able to be baptized), or by desire. This last is a most important point, since the Church includes here both those whose desire was *explicit*, but who died suddenly before they were able to gain it; and those whose desire was *implicit*, that is, those whose desire was indeed explicit in its conformity to the will of God but who did not (perhaps could not) know exactly what the will of God is in this matter. The object of the Church should not be misunderstood: it is not to dissolve its own principle, but to define it with delicate precision. What she wishes to do is to give all possible credit to good faith and good will, even when these are in her eyes misdirected.

III

But it will be asked, Why, then, did the Church persecute? We must begin by pointing out that just as any indulgence we show towards sin proves our indifference towards virtue, so any indulgence we show towards error proves our indifference towards truth. If you ask a Catholic how he knows that he possesses the truth he answers (and I plead my limited space for not arguing the point) that he possesses it by Divine revelation. St. Thomas Aquinas it was who called the weakest of all arguments the one based upon authority. The same theologian—the greatest of all upholders of reason—also said that the strongest of all arguments is the one based upon Divine authority, since that is of its nature absolutely infallible, which reason is not.

It should also be remembered, as a

curious historical fact, that though the Sixteenth Century Religious Revolt planked itself on the principle that salvation is by faith alone (that is that salvation is won solely by acceptance of the truths of Christian revelation irrespective of conduct) modern Protestants have given up most of the cardinal tenets of Luther and Calvin and now base themselves on the proposition that salvation depends on nothing but conduct which is clearly their confession that they have not found intellectual certitude and that they despair of ever finding it.

I^t is this intellectual certitude that has ever been the mark (though never the *only* mark) of the Catholic. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Protestant also was quite sure of his position, although he appealed to an authority somewhat different from that of the Catholic. Being opposed by people who possessed certitude he persecuted them, when he had the chance, just as they, when they had the chance, persecuted him. It was all an enormous if, under the circumstances, a very natural mistake.

I am not going to attempt to prove that more Catholics were killed or tortured during that period of religious strife than Protestants, though that I think could be shown. Frankly I confess it was a blunder (and worse) on both sides. But I cannot refrain from pointing out that the Reformers were the aggressors who had introduced an alien and disruptive thing into Christendom. The Protestants attacked; and the Church defended her sheep, never claiming any jurisdiction over those who were not of her fold. Even in Spain, where Catholic persecution reached its height, and where it was applied with a ruthless vigor disapproved of by the Popes, it was directed solely against heretics who were the subjects of the Church, or against Jews and Moors who had accepted baptism but who continued secretly to follow their own rites. Just as rebels against a government to which they owe allegiance are more severely dealt with than foreign enemies, so those who had always openly professed the religions of Israel and Islam, though harshly treated (out of what was conceived as political necessity) were not brought before the tribunals of the Inquisition as renegade Catholics were.

There is however no danger of renewed persecution should the Church ever regain her power in the world. The thing was an aberration of fevered times, a mere accident, an incident to be accounted for by the prevailing panic. I think one could not find an important theologian since Bellarmine who has defended persecution, and even Bellar-

mine did it with reservations. The Fathers are almost unanimously against it. And modern theologians coincide with their opinions, that the rights of conscience are sacred; that no man has a right to propagate error; but that since nearly all those who propagate error do so believing it to be the truth, they have to be tolerated while their error has to be rejected. That is, an evil must be patiently endured in order to avoid a still greater evil. And this, by the way, is the definition of tolerance.

The Church is never likely to be seized again by panic. She has come through too many crises ever to be seriously alarmed again. She has observed that the enthusiasm of her missionaries during the Counter-Reformation was far more effective than any measures repressive of heresy. So while she continues to detest heresy as much as she ever did, she has grown patient and good-humored, in the realization that the present state of affairs is ephemeral. She can bide her time, confident that truth will be eventually reestablished in the world.

IV

TOLERANCE, however, is not to be confined to our neighbor's opinions; it extends also to his behavior. And here also we see the same thing in Catholicism; a fixity of standard together with a willingness to make every possible allowance for personal circumstance. On this point many critics of the Church have charged that she has been rather too tolerant. That she has accepted complaisantly a good deal of moral laxity so long as there was no intellectual error.

The Church can never, of course, be indifferent about sin, but she has always understood how close even the best of men are liable to moral lapses, and that most sins spring from weakness and not malice; just as she understands, what Pascal pointed out, that heresy is generally due to intellectual mediocrity. She has always insisted, as against Luther and the early reformers, that conduct is quite as important as faith, at once because of its own value and because conduct ultimately affects faith. If a man does not act as he thinks, she never tires of saying, he will eventually come to think as he acts. So her sacramental machinery is kept perpetually at work searching for and eradicating the moral cancers in the soul. But because this is done secretly, each case being dealt with separately, the world's hardly aware that it is being done.

The Church's moral principles, however, are well known, especially those relating to marriage, which have been restated in a recent papal encyclical. The Catholic attitude has, of course, been resented by many non-Catholics who do not understand it. The Church does claim to speak in these, as in other matters,

with the voice of God. It is inconceivable, therefore, that she can ever say anything other than she has always said about divorce and birth-control. But though she is obliged to say that divorce is an impossibility and that birth-control is a sin against nature, she has never said that those who remarry after divorce or those who practice birth-control are necessarily guilty of mortal sin. That is, while they must be called sinners materially, they are not sinners formally, if they sin in ignorance.

Even in the case of those who kneel in Catholic confessional the priest is unable to pronounce finally upon the conscience. He sees just so much of it as is exposed to him. The penitent is his own accuser and the priest is the judge, and one who is by nature fallible though his training expert. His pronouncements are therefore always conditional, depending upon spiritual dispositions of which only God can know the whole truth. And the judge's sentence, when executed, must be carried out by the penitent on himself.

If this be true with regard to sins which come before the Church in the confessional, it is obviously still more true with regard to sins which are not exhibited to her. All that she can say is that certain actions are grievously wrong. When penance is shown for these acts she always gives absolution and must give it. When no confession of sin is made she never presumes to pronounce on the status of the individual sinner. He may be altogether unaware of the wrongness of his actions, and therefore, to use a Catholic term, be in a state of grace.

This is not to say that the Church can admit that (to keep to the example of birth-control) what the Catholic is guilty of does not stain the non-Catholic when he does the same thing. Speaking out of her experience of human psychology she will say that in many cases at least there must have been other previous sins that have calloused the conscience so as to make it insensitive in this matter. But no priest will ever assert this concerning a specific instance unless he has had an opportunity to examine the evidence; and that he can never get unless the soul voluntarily asks his judgment.

V

I do not wish to stretch tolerance to that breaking-point at which it becomes meaningless. Like everything else it has its limits: like "free speech" it cannot be unconditional. The Church says, as it has always said, that evil men can never be reformed by law; that heretics have no absolute right to their opinions; that it is the duty of the state to extirpate heresy; but that the weapon of the Church herself is charity.

The crux of the matter is her attitude towards heresy. She can maintain nothing else than that it is the most deadly of all spiritual poisons. But being—as even her bitterest enemies admit—very wise, she has learned the unwise of some of the methods used against heresies, and since she is wise, she can be counted upon never to make this mistake again.

Let me, even at the cost of reiteration, be plain: The Catholic Church holds her creed to be perfect and infallible truth. It therefore follows that untruth cannot have an equal footing with truth. But she will tolerate belief in and the propagation of untruth, within limits, for the sake of charity. She will never say that error does not matter.

As she looks out upon the modern world she does so without alarm. Instead she looks at it with some amusement. She knows—even if the rest of the world does not—that the history of the last hundred years confirmed the promise of impregnability given to St. Peter. There is, I will venture to say, hardly a position contrary to her own that she had not long ago anticipated. Almost every one of them may be found, raised as actual or hypothetical objections, and answered in the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Her present difficulties do not arise from the pressure of heresy—subtle Greek minds exhausted nearly all the possibilities along these lines during the early centuries of Christian history. Her difficulty now is to find

some hard intellectual opposition to bite into.

Reason itself is discredited by almost all modern philosophers and psychologists, with the exception of that group of Scholastics of whom the most famous is Jacques Maritain, whose prestige grows from day to day. Here and there you will find an old-fashioned denier such as Mr. Mencken whom I (being a Catholic) respect; but the redoubtable rationalists have almost all passed on to that circle or Paradise which possibly God reserved for sincere atheists. Unreason, in varied and fantastic forms, is the mark of modern society; and nobody need attack such a weakling. We can afford to smile at it indulgently, pityingly, aware that it must sooner or later painlessly expire.

But when the latest modern philosophy has faded into oblivion, sin will remain. Towards it the Church must steadfastly oppose her moral principles; and towards the repentant sinner the Church must forever be indulgent. After the present confusion of thought has strangled itself to death the Church will be able to give her undivided attention to erecting a society in which, with economic justice prevailing, there will be no plausible excuse for the violation of nature. The work was interrupted by the exasperating incident of the Reformation. But four hundred years is a small matter in the history of the Church. She can afford to be tolerant. The future is hers.

Forsaken

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

"**M**Y GOD, my God, why hast forsaken me?"
Alone, He dies upon the awful Tree.
United still with Godhead, ever God,
Though Death be slaying with the scourging rod,
Yet lone, forsaken, till sin's debt be paid;
The God of Consolation gives no aid,
But stays off Death that He may suffer yet
And suffer more to overpay Love's debt.

"**M**Y GOD, my God, why hast forsaken me?"
Forsaken—that I unforsaken be;
Forsaken—that Your Love my love may win;
Forsaken—that Your patience under woe
May teach me patiently to suffer so.
How hard it is to die alone, You knew;
Christ, in my death, oh, hold me fast to You!

SCIENCE Needs a New

By
John O'Hara
Cosgrave

FIRST CAUSE

IN the sense of offering adequate explanation of the phenomena of life and the universe, the bankruptcy of the Scientific System is now complete. Relativity and the quantum theory having demolished the cornerstone of the structure—the conservation of energy hypothesis—now cometh Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the hierarch of paleontology, and with his "New View of Evolution" (an address delivered before the National Academy of Sciences at Yale, recently) gives the coup de grace to Natural Selection.

Not in so many words of course; for the Chief of the American Museum of Natural History is a loyal adherent and clings to all the remains that will bear weight, but, with the excision of the enacting clause, species are deprived of their local ancestry and Environment shorn of its pretensions as progenitor of the human race and organic life in general. Though their genealogy has not been disturbed, the offspring of Mother Nature now lack accredited parentage.

Let it be conceded to Dr. Osborn that he has written finis to the darkest chapter of obscurantism in the racial history. Though only a few of his colleagues yet grasp the implications of the doom he pronounced, before long it will penetrate the professorial fraternity that their charter has been repudiated. When I recollect the various slogans and shibboleths of the defunct faith—the survival-of-the-fittest, the fitness-of-the-environment, and so forth—I am moved almost to tears. And indeed it is matter for grief when one remembers the multitude of elderly gentlemen who eventually will have to revise their premises. Compulsion to put a disused mind to work is, perhaps, the ultimate hardship. That the problem of the origin of Life is again an open question and that liberty to speculate and explore have been restored is not glad tidings in Inertia.

On the other hand, among us "untouchables" it is permissible once more to mention such words as *purpose* and *design* without being suspected of hallucination. We may again speak freely of *mind* and *spirit* without being regarded as superstitious. It is even conceivable that discredited authorities such as Plato, Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas may be dusted off and restored to

their old pedestals. Who would have dreamed fifteen years ago that telegony would ever again recover legitimacy; or — am I committing the eighth deadly sin—optimism?

Intellectual revolutions being unaccompanied by gunfire or dancing in the streets, the populace seldom wakes up to a change of dispensation while the event is under way. In this instance, its concern is deeper than it knows, for the controversy involves the nature of Man himself—his actual status in the world of his being. If his ancestry be of the Earth alone

ISAY nothing about religion because when mankind comes to a factual realization of the nature of its own being and, instead of taking for granted its bodies and the noble framework of the planet of its sojourn and the Universe that is its background begins again to wonder, to explore and to speculate it will turn as naturally to the thought of the Creator of all these marvels as a plant does to the sun.

—derived of his bodily substance as the scientists claim—he is merely a superior animal; if, as religious tradition holds, he is the scion of a greater ordination, his rank is of its clan. Nothing is settled, of course, but the fundamental on which science had established its dogma has been blown out. Roughly, what Dr. Osborn did to the classic evolutionary hypothesis is equivalent to a denial in the Christian religion of the Divinity of Christ. He proved that the foundation assumptions on which the Darwinian theory is based are erroneous.

DARWIN, for instance, believed that evolution comes by jumps and that a minute jump in a favorable direction would survive in the species. Dr. Osborn declares that no such jumps ever took place or could take place. On the contrary, evolution proceeded in never swerving continuity. Lamarck's idea was that the germ was affected from without by the activities of the body or the environment. Osborn's investigations show that evolution develops outward from

within the geneplasm. Variation of the species is the result of an original pattern within the geneplasm which was there from the beginning. Germination is not spontaneous but in reaction to external stimuli. Environment evokes but does not create the vital organisms that are born in it. They borrow its energy to substantiate their mechanical frames and tissues and to maintain unitary existence in resistance to its pressures and tensions but the patterns that appear are *sui generis*. What is defined in the flower was originally in the seed. Sun and soil do not contribute form but only impulse and medium.

The authority for the six points in which Dr. Osborn embodies his conclusions are nine new principles of bio-chemical evolution and nine additional principles revealed by paleontological study all of which were not only unknown to Darwin but antagonistic to the thesis that nature does anything by accident.

SETTING aside this reformer's over-subtle distinctions between "creative" and "created" and his differentiations as to pre-observational entelechies and post observational, for he expressly eschews what he calls the old theological and philosophical implications—doubtless to preserve his standing in the Scientific Union—what all this amounts to is admission that the genera and species in which life on this planet is manifested are conceptual and not fortuitous products. Spontaneous development and automatic determinism are out and Adaptation may no longer be figured as Cause. In other words, current life grew but did not design its habitations. The nature of man does not derive from his substance. The taint of the ape has been withdrawn.

This is not to say that the immense accretion of knowledge that was generated under the Darwinian hypothesis is discredited by proof that it was an erroneous assumption nor that the course of the development of genus and species is other than the biologists and paleontologists have shown; but henceforth the forms and circumstances of life in our world must be confronted as architecture and not as happenstance.

Rather must the attitude of the scientific investigator be that of the archaeologist who accepts the artifacts he exhumes not as begot by the environment but as manifestations of

purpose and need. However unwillingly, we shall have to look upon animate nature in the same spirit in which we examine a fine tapestry fabric or an intricate piece of machinery as expressing the power, skill and culture of its maker and contributory to his interests. Hereafter, the term "Evolution" may be returned to its right connotation—the unfoldment of a design, be that design a rose, an automobile or a skyscraper.

Devotees may construe all this as reversion to Genesis, but that the experimentalists, whose researches have yielded the rich harvest of ascertainment that mankind is now applying to work will be content to rest on revelation, is improbable. That self-reliance engendered by the revolt from patriarchal formulas will lead rather to a chastening of methodology and a more realistic approach to the unanswered problems.

THoughtful members of the scientific hierarchy long ago realized that their working hypothesis was carrying more load than it had parts for. They had begun to suspect that assigning to the conditioning forces we call natural laws invention of the infinity of vital forms that inhabit the Earth might be no less anthropomorphic than attributing them to a Divine organization. They were asking themselves, for instance, through what agencies nature had brought about the subtle chemical adjustments of the blood content that regulate organic growth, balance and function. Was it reasonable to saddle on "adaptation to environment" construction of systems so intricate as composed the psychological equipment of human beings?

Though, in itself, the scheme-of-things in which men were included afforded no inherent justification for its presence and particularity, its relations were coördinated and evenly maintained, effects that coincidence could not account for. Perhaps more was being taken for granted than the strict principles of their method warranted. But since all were committed to the same fundamental, united by the common exigency of upholding its tenets with ridicule the penalty of desertion, there was no hope of clearing the channels of thought save by its forcible removal.

This Dr. Osborn's New Theory has done with forthrightness and as it is backed by the kind of evidence that Science regards as authentic and supported by common sense no appeal from its verdict is likely. He has earned a place among the immortals.

There is not space here for enumerating the evils that have flowed from the doctrines of automatic determinism. Its confusion of the separate but complementary properties of mind and matter has aborted the racial consciousness and halted its development. That marked lowering of the international morale, charac-

teristic of the moment, is among the consequences of reducing the status of man to that of his bodily vehicle. Because the biologists could find no equivalent for the soul he has been deprived of the solace of immortality. He has been denuded of obligations save those that could be legally enforced. The sole significance of his life was given to sustaining it.

Since in this outline there was no place for a creator, religion was relegated to the superstitions. That civilizations erected on the basis of a Divine sanction could withstand these assaults on their constitutions argues the soundness of their foundations and the solidity of those noble inheritances in which reside the true capacity of humanity.

What is the next step? Clearly in the direction of re-examining and re-valuing the premises in which life is conducted. We have never clearly formulated and separately specified the elements combined in human action. In accounting for our doings we lump together subject, object, location, energy apparatus, obstacle and time; so that individual achievements are little better than unconscious cerebration. When it comes to business and mechanics, guesswork is excluded and mathematics applied. Cause and effect and every phase of every part required in conjoining motive to delivery, have separate definitions and design.

We have taken for granted the performances called human without due heed of the framework and processes by which they are delivered. The simplest of bodily movements involve the conduction of energies and mechanical changes which are outside biological computation. How the impulse which causes the conveyance of a hand to a mouth operates cannot be explained by examining the instrumentalities by which it is effected. It comprehends the conversion of will to deed, mind to physical members—functions that belong to energetics and not to physiology.

THINK of the elaborate appliances through which perception, direction and discretion—steering, stopping, acceleration—are transferred from driver to motive parts in an automobile and compare with the perfect ease with which we adjust our own bodies to exigencies and obstacles in locomotion and intercourse. We transform light into awareness of objects and obstacles without a suspicion of the subtle physical and chemical interactions involved. Morphology has no accommodation for the commonplace attributes of consciousness.

In an engineering accountancy for work are included specifications of purpose, design, set-up, energy, supervision fulfillment and use. Without provision for these functions no building is accomplished. They represent factors of understanding and

knowledge—perception, memory and experience—for which biology supplies neither contacts nor bearings. Thinking is a property of the brain, as flight of wings, say its practitioners, which is the equivalent in logic of declaring speed the product of gasoline or the art of telephony to be resident in the apparatus of communication.

Thus our dictionaries are full of words that represent operative functions of the most familiar application that lack physical auxiliaries, yet we hold sacrosanct that authority which delimits the character of our human being. Truth is that our sciences are little better than superficial terminologies and descriptive systems and are not yet in grappling distance of the crucial question of what that inherency is which enables men to be what they are and to do what they do.

ENOUGH has been heard of the evolution of life's structures. The real problems of motivation and occasion belong in the domains of physics, mechanics and electricity. They involve transformation, reciprocation, induction and conductivity. In the brain etheric impulses as of light and sound are converted into information in consonance with which diagrammatic actions are produced and the positions of heavy bodies altered. Such processes are accomplished by chemical changes in the constitutions of the structures affected but these are incidental to motivation, not its cause. What does hot blood know of anger? As little as scales know of weight, or the stomach of the work of digestion. As use is external to tool, so do the premises of occasion lie beyond the precincts of materiality.

There is need of a philosophy adequate to accommodate the new knowledge that the laboratories are yielding and that immense surplusage of phenomena now outside prevailing hypothesis. It must have place for the significance of endocrinology as well as for the role in metabolism of cosmic rays. It must provide housing for the so-called supernatural, for miraculous cures, for the attainments of yoga, for hypnotic control. It must furnish definitions and implementage for the powers called consciousness and the subconscious. It must clearly evaluate the character of whatever potential it is that constitutes the difference between life and death.

I say nothing about religion because when mankind comes to a factual realization of the nature of its own being and, instead of taking for granted its bodies and the noble framework of the planet of its sojourn and the Universe that is its background, begins again to wonder, to explore and to speculate it will turn as naturally to the thought of the Creator of all these marvels as a plant does to the sun.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

DILEMMA OF CATHOLIC PRESIDENT: CHURCH AND STATE: ITALIAN POPES

(1) *In a copy of THE SIGN which I loaned to a Mason he read: "A time may come when the Catholic Church could not swear allegiance to the government." He proposed these difficulties: If Al Smith were President of the U. S., and Congress should force him to declare a war which he conscientiously considered unjust, what would he have to do? Resign? While a man is President, he said, he can be neither a Catholic or Protestant, he is first President. (2) Why is it that the Church insists that the Church and State be affiliated, or that the Church should control State matters, when the State insists on separation? The Church never takes this step to separate until she is forced to do so. (3) Why is it that for the last 150 years the Pope has always been an Italian?*

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

E. K.

(1) Your Masonic friend should have read the very able answer to his difficulty regarding the possibility of conflict between the Church and State in the very article of Hilaire Belloc's from which he quoted, viz., the February, 1931, issue of *THE SIGN*, page 407.

According to the Constitution of the U. S., Art. 1, Sec. 8, No. 11, the power to declare war is vested in Congress, not in the President. But even in the supposition that Mr. Smith were President, and that Congress brought pressure to bear upon him to declare a war which in his conscience he judged to be unjust, he would be obliged to refuse to do so. The necessity of following his conscience would not arise simply from the fact of his being a Catholic, but from the more fundamental obligation of obeying the moral law, which prescribes that good should be done and evil avoided. The same obligation, in a like case, would devolve upon any President, whether he were a Catholic, Protestant, or Jew; or even without any religious belief whatever. Even a Masonic President would be obliged to follow his conscience, for all men are bound to observe the moral law. It is not the peculiar obligation of Catholics.

Your Masonic friend manifests a peculiar perversion of ideas when he says that our President, while in office, must regard the duties of his office as supreme. The oath which he takes can never oblige him to violate the dictates of a higher law. Even Presidents are obliged, like humbler citizens, to "obey God rather than men," when the Divine and human laws urge conflicting duties.

(2) The assertion that the Church universally insists that Church and State be affiliated, in the sense that the Catholic Church must be declared the official Church of the State, and that the Church must control State matters, is gratuitous, and therefore can be gratuitously denied. The instance of Spain does not contradict this statement. The union of Church and State in Spain was effected in a country whose citizens were at the same time members of the Catholic Church. What more natural then that a country predominantly Catholic should officially declare that Catholicism was the religion of the State? No surprise is expressed over the fact that the Anglican Church is the Established Church of England, and that the Lutheran Church is the official church of Sweden. But once a union between a Catholic State and the Church has been entered into, it should not be broken without the mutual consent of the contracting

parties, like any other contract. This is what the Church protests against in Spain. It is significant that the Grand Orient Lodge of Freemasons, with the aid of Moscow, was, and still is, conspicuous in effecting disestablishment between Spain and the Church. We have learned on good authority that three-fourths of the Cabinet of the present régime is Masonic. You might ask your Masonic friend to explain why the Grand Orient is so violently opposed to the Church.

(3) Italians have been elected without interruption to the Papacy for more than 150 years. Since the death of Pope Adrian VI (a native of Holland) in 1522, none but Italians have been chosen. There are several reasons for this. The Canonical reason is that Italian candidates have been the first to obtain the necessary two-thirds majority in the conclave. The historical reason is that Italians are most likely to maintain their residence in Rome, the appointed See of the Papacy.

The Bishop of Rome is not only Supreme Pontiff, but also a Temporal Sovereign. When outside his territory his residence in a foreign country creates a peculiar situation, which is not for the best interests of his office. Thus, when the French Popes took up their residence in Avignon they were harassed by the French monarchs, notably Philip IV, much to the detriment of the Papacy and the peace of Christendom. For seventy years the Popes lived in Avignon, 1309-1377, which period is called the Babylonian Captivity of the Papacy. This period was the occasion of the Great Western Schism, which was not terminated until Martin V again took up his residence in Rome. The importance of the Pope's residence in Rome, where he is subject to no foreign sovereign (which would be an anomaly) is shown from our own manner of government. The District of Columbia, with Washington as its capital, is the residence of the President. This wise provision insures his freedom from undue influence of every State in the Union. Imagine what would be the result if President Hoover elected to take up his residence in Atlantic City, instead of Washington. Although the analogy between the temporary civil office of the President and the life-long spiritual jurisdiction of the Pope is not exact, the precautions taken to insure the liberty of the former in civil affairs ought with greater reason to be true of the Pope in spiritual matters. The election of Italians to the Papacy is perhaps the best means of insuring his residence in Rome.

The diplomatic reason for the election of Italians is that they are specially fitted for the office. There are weighty matters of external government, delicate questions of diplomacy in dealing with foreign powers, for which Italian cardinals are eminently qualified by their training, their ages-old experience, and their intimate knowledge of such affairs. A review of the pontificates of the last five Popes will convince an impartial person that they were happy choices. The settlement of the difficult Roman Question under the present Pope is an accomplishment of enormous importance. However, it must be borne in mind that the election of Italian Popes is not a matter of positive law, either human or Divine, but rather a tradition and expediency.

BAPTISMAL SPONSOR BY PROXY

I would like to have my brother-in-law act as god-father. In the event that he is not able to be present

at the baptism, how can I arrange to have him stand for the baby through a proxy.

M. L.

(a) Ask and receive his consent to act as god-father; (b) designate, with his consent, a specified person to act in his name as proxy; (c) the proxy must physically hold or touch the infant in the act of baptism. You ought to notify the Pastor about this matter beforehand.

THE ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY

What is The Rosicrucian Society? Is it permitted Catholics to join it? What is the attitude of the Church towards it?

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

V. L.

The Ancient Mystic Order Rosae Crucis, to give the society its full and sonorous title, is an occult, cabalistic, theosophical society, covered with a thin veneer of pseudo-science, and masquerading under a cloak of benevolence and philanthropy. The very name of the society should be sufficient to warn a man of common sense to avoid it. AMORC, trade mark of the organization, commercializes the common desire for health, prosperity, and happiness by promising to "reveal" the "secret" means whereby these benefits may be obtained. Such a promise is pure bunk. Every intelligent man knows that health is the result of obedience to the laws of nature; that happiness, in so far as it can be obtained in an imperfect world, is the effect of obeying the laws of God; and, as for prosperity, there is no infallible way to obtain it, or to preserve it, when once obtained. But it can be said that in striving for prosperity, which after all is a very relative state, nothing will dispense with what is known as hard work. There is no need to have recourse to Egyptian magic and pseudo-science in order to obtain these ends. It is more than probable that God in His Providence would not have committed the "secrets" of health, happiness and prosperity into the custody of an Ancient and Mystic Order, to be paid for in instalments. Despite its pretense of benefiting mankind, it is significant that AMORC'S methods of propaganda are aimed at the same mark as that of astrologers and numerologists, and others of the same hue,—viz., American dollars. Catholics and all sensible persons should have nothing to do with this society. The Church has never noticed it, as far as we know. It is not condemned by name, but in our opinion the general prohibition to join societies which are prejudicial to the purity of faith and morals (Canon 684) includes The Rosicrucian Society. (See August and October 1931 issues of THE SIGN; also *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. XIII, "Rosicrucians," and vol. XI, "Occultism."

BURIAL OF NON-CATHOLICS IN CATHOLIC CEMETERIES

Are non-Catholics ever allowed to be buried in Catholic cemeteries?

HARTFORD, CONN.

B. M.

Burial in Catholic cemeteries is reserved to those who die in visible communion with the Church. In order, however, to provide for delicate cases which may arise when there are non-Catholic members of Catholic families, the II Plenary Council of Baltimore enacted the following decree: "According to the mind of the Holy See, it may be tolerated that non-Catholic relatives of Catholic families may be buried in the vaults erected by these families in Catholic cemeteries." According to Sabbetti (*Moral Theology*, p. 1018) the concession is restricted to the burial of non-Catholic relatives in family vaults, and therefore does not include family plots.

THE IMPEDIMENT OF CONSANGUINITY

What is the reason of the Church's prohibition against the marriage of blood relatives? Is it not true that up to a few years ago third cousins were not allowed to marry without a dispensation? Why was there a prohibition then, if there is none now? (2) What is the opinion of the Church with regard to marriages be-

tween second cousins? Is it not true that medical authorities do not seriously object to marriages between persons who are second cousins, or more distantly related?

ST. LOUIS, MO.

E. K.

(1) The Church's prohibition of marriage between persons closely related by blood is based on the law of nature, as well as the Divine positive law. (*Lev. 18:6-20*.) The Church has extended and restricted the prohibition with regard to indirect, or collateral, line during the course of her long history, according as circumstances of time and place persuaded. It is true that prior to Easter, 1918, the impediment of consanguinity extended to the fourth degree of the indirect line, or third cousins. It seems that the reasons upon which the Church based her impediment do not now seriously apply to third cousins.

(2) The reasons why the Church forbids marriage between those related as far as the third degree of the indirect line, or second cousins, is partly physical and partly moral. The physical reason is that the offspring of marriages between those near of kin are most likely to be defective in mind and body. This is fairly well established by experience. De Smet quotes statistics gathered by Dr. Boudin, who says: "The proportion of those who are deaf-mutes from birth grows with the degree of the consanguinity of the parents. If, in an ordinary marriage, the danger of bringing into being a deaf-mute be represented by one, the danger is represented by eighteen in marriages between first cousins, and by thirty-seven in marriages between uncles and nieces." A better grade of offspring results from the admixture of different bloods. The moral reason is that by precluding marriage between relatives the natural reverence which should obtain between them is doubly assured. Another reason is that marriages entered into between those unrelated society is benefited, because more persons of different blood become partakers of the family interest. Under present conditions the offspring of second cousins are not as likely, as before, to be physically imperfect.

WHY THE CHURCH CONDEMS FREEMASONRY

Why does the Church condemn the Freemasons? Is it because the Freemasons comprise a secret organization? Many people are under the impression that Freemasons are as a whole opposed to the Church. Is this true?

BOSTON, MASS.

A. C.

The Church has condemned Freemasonry as a society because it is a religion of naturalism which ignores Divine revelation, especially as made by Jesus Christ; because it has identified itself, especially in Latin countries, with deism and atheism; because its oaths are immoral in principle; because it has been from the outset (1717, A. D.) the Catholic Church's most determined enemy. The wonder would be that a society of this kind could exist without being condemned by the Church which Christ established to lead men to eternal life, and which cannot look with indifference upon an organization which would defeat the purpose of Jesus Christ.

All the reasons for the Church's condemnation of the society of Freemasons may not be found together in every Lodge or Jurisdiction of the Order. The Continental Lodges, notably in France and Italy, were, and in the former still are, violently anti-Catholic. The Freemasons of Italy gloried in bringing about the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Pope, under Pius IX in 1870. Anti-Catholic activities are also prevalent among the Lodges in the Latin countries of South America and Mexico. Even in Spain today three-fourths of the first cabinet, we learn on good authority, were Freemasons. This may explain many things in that unsettled country. In the United States, especially in the Northern Jurisdiction, there are no manifestations, at least external ones, against the Church. The same can-

not be said of the Scottish Rite of the Southern Jurisdiction, with its bitterly anti-Catholic magazines, *The New Age* and *The Fellowship Forum*. The attack on the private schools in Oregon was engineered by the Scottish Rite, and aimed ultimately at the Catholic Schools. Whatever may be the local activities of any particular lodge, and no matter how harmless it may appear to be, it still remains condemned by the Church. There is a world-wide solidarity among Freemasons, and the condemnation of the whole society implies condemnation of every lodge of that body.

LEGISLATIVE POWER OF THE CHURCH

Has the Church the power to bind its members to the performance or non-performance of acts which in themselves are not sinful, and which do not bind non-Catholics? If so, where does the Church derive such power?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

J. S.

Every society must be ruled by laws, for without laws or regulations of some kind a society will never attain its end. The Church being a perfect society, instituted by Christ for the eternal salvation of souls, must possess the three powers necessary for the attainment of its end. These powers are legislative, judicial, and coercive. By virtue of the Church's legislative power it can make laws for the faithful, in order to bring them to eternal salvation. These laws may pertain to matters which in themselves are not sinful. Thus, abstinence from flesh meat on Friday is a precept of the Church which binds under grave sin. The eating of flesh meat is in itself an indifferent act, but, when eaten on Friday, it becomes sinful for the reason that the Church forbids such an act on Friday. The purpose of the prohibition is to render efficacious the injunction of Christ: "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." (*Luke 13:3*) Left to themselves most Christians would never voluntarily perform penance. The Church derives her power to make laws from Christ, her Founder. When He instituted the Church He said: "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth it shall be loosed in heaven." (*Matt. 18:18*) The words—to bind and to loose—refer to moral bonds, by which the faithful are obliged to do, or to leave undone, whatever is prescribed or prohibited by the Church. The first Council of the Apostles at Jerusalem decreed that the faithful must abstain from "things sacrificed to idols, and from blood, and from things strangled, and from fornication." (*Acts 25:28*) Now, eating bloody meats is not wrong in itself, but it became wrong when forbidden. The decree had the force of law in all the Churches, for we read that St. Paul "went through Syria and Cilicia, confirming the Church, commanding them to keep the precept of the Apostles and the Ancients." (*Acts 25:41*) The reasonableness of this doctrine is shown from the fact that even civil societies enjoin obligations in matters which are indifferent in themselves. Traffic rules are a good example.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

K. C. V., Union City, Ind. C. T. F., Elmhurst, N. Y. T. A. H., Toronto, Can. J. A. G. Port Jervis, N. Y. C. C., Paterson, N. J. L. H., Newark, N. J. M. C., Dayton, O. J. D., New York, N. Y. P. O'C., Nutley, N. J.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

F. McG., Washington, D. C. M. E. B., Baltimore, Md. M. E., Larryville, Pa. F. Q., Philadelphia, Pa. M. A. G., Normandy, Mo. N. M., New York, N. Y. S. A. B., New York, N. Y. M. D., Bayside, N. Y. M. A., Buffalo, N. Y. G. J. F., Boston, Mass. A. E. F., Hartford, Conn. N. C. W., Jamestown, N. Y. A. D., New York, N. Y. E. T., Philadelphia, Pa. C. E., Indianapolis, Ind. N. D., Brockville, Ont. M. M. H., East Orange, N. J. L. C. B., St. Louis, Mo. M. F. McD., New York, N. Y. H. P. W., Westboro, Mass.

D. A. L., Brockton, Mass. G. F., East Orange, N. J. M. C., Newburyport, Mass. A. G. B., Etna, Pa. M. C., St. Louis, Mo. G. M. F., Hartford, Conn. A. V. P., New York, N. Y. A. M. D., Elizabeth, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that **THE SIGN** has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

FOR FATHER MARK'S COLORED WORK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading in the February issue of **THE SIGN** Father Mark Moeslein's appeal for five colored children.

People will respond generously, I am sure, for the moment. But what about the twenty-five dollars needed month in and month out to feed those youngsters?

Cannot a group of fifteen people be found who can spare two dollars a month apiece to Father Mark and by so doing relieve him of a great deal of worry and sacrifice? Surely his venerable age and long years of service entitle him to this much consideration from many of us.

If you think the plan worth while, I should like to be one of the group and make an appeal, in my turn, to fourteen others to join me, through the pages of your magazine.

Any man or woman interested might write me. With the understanding, of course, that I merely wish to feel assured that a definite and adequate sum of money will reach the Mother of Mercy Mission each month for those poor children.

All checks, money orders and cash would go directly to Father Mark from each person concerned.

LILLIAN F. SMITH.

9 BENNINGTON ST., NEEDHAM, MASS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We most heartily commend Miss Smith's suggestion. To date Fr. Mark has received about \$525 in answer to his appeal. We hope that he will get the balance necessary to make up the needed \$1,000 and that his kind friends will continue their contributions to his work.

ORDO FOR THE USE OF A DAILY MISSAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In regard to Father Doyle's suggestion, in the current issue of **THE SIGN**, for an ordo for the laity, a very excellent one is published by E. M. Lohmann Co., St. Paul, Minn. It is entitled "How to Use a Daily Missal," by the Rev. J. M. Brady, and sells for fifteen cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. (Rev.) JOSEPH P. DUROSS.

LITERATURE FOR THE MISSIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Devoted priests all over the United States and on the missions in distant countries are crying loudly for Catholic literature. There are thousands of Catholic families in the scattered sections of the country, in India, Africa, and the Philippine Islands, to whom Catholic periodicals will be welcome and beneficial. The zealous missionary, labor as he may, and willing though he be to spend and be spent for Christ, can see the scattered members of his flock only a few times a year. A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince us of the truth of the statement of zealous priests that "some word of doctrine, some consolation of religion, some explanation of the puzzling

news items and disquieting anti-Catholic comments of the local press, some idea, in a word, of God and His Church, should be brought into their lives" during the long intervals when there is a no Mass, no sermon, no Sacraments. We earnestly appeal to the readers of this paper to co-operate in supplying this want. Send to the Remailing Department of the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address to which to remail your Catholic weekly or monthly.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MARY HOOK MULLIN.

A VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

I feel proud of our National Monthly, **THE SIGN**. "Three Lost Arts" afforded me a telling subject for a sermon on the Catholic Press. If the Catholic Press is to accomplish its work of defending the art of Divine believing, of Divine loving and of Divine living, or, shall I say, the supernatural arts of faith, love and life, it can and must be done by a concentration of forces. I can see little wisdom in scattering our forces and dissipating them in efforts ranging from college news to diocesan weeklies. To support these puny ventures and let languish publications of national significance and influence, I consider nothing short of smallness and ineptitude. Surely we must speak more encouragingly of such weeklies as have the ambition, grit and calibre from which Catholic dailies are born.

CLEVELAND, O.

ALBERT F. KAISER, C. PP. S.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

1. The Council of Trent has defined that Our Lord offered sacrifice in the Supper.
2. He bade His disciples do what He did there. Taking bread, He said, "This is My Body." Taking the wine cup, He said, "This is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins. This do for a commemoration of Me."
3. We are offering in the Mass the sacrifice that He offered in the Supper, when we take bread and say, "This is My Body," take the wine cup and say, "This is My Blood of the New Testament which is shed for many unto the remission of sins."
4. The sacrifice which we offer in the Mass He first offered in the Supper.

5. What sacrifice do we offer in the Mass? The Fathers and Doctors of the Church say, the Church says in the prayers of the Mass, the Catechism of the Council of Trent says, Leo XIII says in an Encyclical, that it is the "Sacrifice of our Redemption" (St. Augustine), the "spotless evening sacrifice which the Only Begotten Son of God offered up on the Cross for the salvation of the world" (*Secret of the Mass*), "the identical Sacrifice of the Cross continued" (Leo XIII) which we offer in the Mass. Therefore this is the Sacrifice Christ Our Lord offered in the Supper.

6. In the Mass, as the Council of Trent teaches, "there is one and the same Victim, the Same now offering by the ministry of priests Who offered Himself on the Cross."

7. Again, the Council of Trent has defined that the Mass is a propitiatory sacrifice. There is but one such, "one sacrifice for sins," (*Hebr. 10:12*) consummated on the Cross. Therefore it was the sacrifice consummated on the Cross that Our Lord offered in the Supper. If He had not offered it in the Supper we should not be offering it in the Mass, for we are but continuing to do what He did and bade us to.

If there is an error in any of these seven statements I shall be greatly obliged to any one who will kindly point it out. If there is no error, that which they embody is God's truth, and it should be taught in our catechisms,

preached from our pulpits, and plainly affirmed in works of dogmatic theology which today do but contain a variety of conflicting theories that serve only to bewilder and confuse.

The explanation of the Mass is very simple when both Scripture and Tradition show the way. "The Passion of the Lord is the sacrifice that we offer," testifies St. Cyprian. Our Lord offered it in the Supper under forms of bread and wine, being Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech, and saw to it then and there that it should be continued in the Church under the same forms till the end of time. He consummated it on the Cross, and carries it on in the Mass evermore with befitting rite and ceremony by the ministry of His priests. "In the Mass," to quote once more the teaching of the Council of Trent, "the Victim is one and the same, the Same now offering by the ministry of the priests Who once offered Himself on the altar of the Cross."

TORONTO

(Most Rev.) A. MacDONALD, D. D.

WOMEN PRIESTS AND A DIGRESSION**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

I read the question in the January issue of **THE SIGN** about women priests. In the answer I think that you made it quite clear that man is superior to woman. What may we understand by that? Is he superior in his soul, as well as in his person? How about men and women after they get to Heaven? Will women be subject to men there also? And should mothers be subject to their sons? I always supposed that mothers should teach their children how to pray, and tell them about God, Heaven, Hell, etc. But I guess that I was wrong, as I see that St. Paul said that women should keep silent.

We women get the impression that women are supposed to be rather pious. Personally I don't think a woman could feel very pious after reading that answer. Rather it might fill her heart with resentment and bitterness.

Is any man superior to all women; for instance, a drunkard, or a man given to all kinds of vice. Would men still be superior to—well, let us say, St. Therese?

I think women have shown as much loyalty to God as men, if we are to judge by what happened during Our Lord's Passion. And when we note the number of women who attend daily Mass in the early hours of the morning, in winter as well as in summer, and working women at that, we have reason to inquire—"where are the superior men?"

When will women learn not to ask such questions? Do they not know that men are watching for such an opportunity to try and humiliate them? To torture something is what a lot of men enjoy. Men have abused their so-called authority. Even the dumb beasts treat females better than a lot of men do. Men often make me think of little roosters that jump on a fence and crow.

Well, women, never mind. Perhaps God in His providence and mercy might give us a little corner in Heaven, for I suppose our superior men will naturally have all the beautiful places, but we will be happy in our little humble corner, if only for the fact that men will not be around to bother us. That will be Heaven indeed.

MALONE, N. Y.

A SIGN READER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Our correspondent's observations may be justified; but the original question concerned the ordination of women as priests.

CARDINALS AND THE PAPACY**EDITOR OF THE SIGN:**

Possibly I can enlighten your correspondent "H. T." on page 353 of the January issue of **THE SIGN** (by the way, an exceptionally interesting number).

Although all Cardinals are entitled to participate in the election of a Pope, the election is in no way invalidated if some of them do not turn up at the conclave.

Obviously there would usually be less obstacles in the way of Italian Cardinals attending a conclave than in the case of non-Italian Cardinals living a long way off. The state of diplomatic relations between countries through which a non-Italian Cardinal might have to travel would be a sufficient obstacle in many cases. It was so in the case of Wolsey whose movements and actions in this respect were undoubtedly influenced by the relations between the Empire, France and England at that time.

Wolsey was a strong candidate for the Papacy on three occasions and diplomatic maneuvering alone prevented his election. Cardinal Reginald Pole actually received the requisite number of votes in the conclave when Pope Paul III died in 1549. He asked to be allowed to consider the matter until the next morning, but by then another Cardinal was proposed and elected. There were two further attempts to make him Pope. There is good reason to believe that Cardinal Robert Somercote would certainly have been elected Pope (1241) had he not died during the conclave.

Your correspondent may be interested to hear of my book just published by Burns, Oates & Washbourne, "The English Cardinals," which gives a general account of all the English Cardinals and short notices of the American, Colonial and Irish Cardinals.

This year is the fourth centenary of a very great English Cardinal, not often remembered, William Allen, who founded Douai College, and was chiefly responsible for the founding of the English College at Rome, for the revision of the Vulgate and for the Douai version. He was instrumental in keeping up the supply of missionary priests during the worst of the persecution and it was through him that the Jesuits, in particular the martyrs Bl. Edmund Campion and Bl. Robert Parsons, did so much to preserve the Faith amongst English-speaking peoples.

GODALMING, ENGLAND.

G. C. HESELTINE.

A NEW MISSIONARY BROTHERHOOD

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I feel that you and all your readers will be glad to know the results of an article printed in **THE SIGN** a little more than a year ago. The article was in the interests of a new Community of Brothers which was started here at that time. I am happy to tell you that since then seven splendid men have given themselves to our work as Missionary Brothers. Three of them are here at St. Peter Claver's, in Brooklyn, two are at the Apostleship of the Sea for Seamen, also in Brooklyn, and two are at our Little Flower House of Providence for Homeless Children, in Wading River, Long Island. They are all doing fine work, and they are as happy as the day is long. Not one of them would go back again to the life of the world. Our good Bishop has taken up their cause in Rome to seek canonical approbation.

As I write to thank you, the thought comes to me that there must be many religiously inclined men in this country who have had to remain in the world to support a good father or mother until they passed away, and who do not know that there is such a Community as ours where they can spend the rest of their lives doing good. We have no age limit, and the lack of education is no hindrance. Our Brothers give themselves to looking after the social, religious and recreational life of poor boys and men, and they are making a wonderful success of it. May I not hope to have many answers from men who read this letter, and who feel that they have a real call to work among the poor. Such men would be listed in the annals of this young Community as the pioneers and founders of a truly great work. As we grow, we hope to extend our efforts everywhere on behalf of boys and men. The poorer the mission the better we like it.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. (Very Rev.) BERNARD J. QUINN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: It is an encouragement for us to know that **THE SIGN** has merited the foregoing commendation

from Monsignor Quinn. In these days when so many avenues for Catholic activity are being opened up, it is a pleasure for us to give publicity to them. Amongst the many thousands of our readers there must surely be a comparatively large number who would find in the Brotherhood described above an opportunity for doing a praiseworthy and needed work. Monsignor Quinn may be reached at 2 Jefferson Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE BIBLE IN SOUTH AMERICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been re-reading the September issue of **THE SIGN**, and notice the reference to the "Methodist Missionary to Argentina" who said, "The reading of the Bible is absolutely forbidden to Roman Catholics in South America."

May I note that the same thing used to be said here by the same class of missionary until the Knights of the Cross formed a collection of more than five hundred Spanish Biblical works—including some sixty-odd distinct versions and critical editions of the Bible, New Testament, Gospels, etc.—all of which were actually purchased in the bookshops of Buenos Aires. These works, with continual additions, are yearly placed on exhibition at the Knights' Club during Lent and have been inspected by leading non-Catholics, among them clergymen of various persuasions.

Of course, the charge has entirely disappeared from the local English press, but may still be found in third-class anti-Catholic publications in Spanish; in fact, it seems to be their chief stock in trade. Surely the cause has fallen very, very low that has to depend on such pitiable propaganda.

May I congratulate you on **THE SIGN** as the most generally appealing of the Catholic publications that I know and I see them from all English-speaking countries. It seems to me to take its place alongside the best secular publications, and is well worth the modest subscription price.

(REV.) WILLIAM CUSHING, C. P.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINE.

SOUL-LESS WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In *How to be Happy Though Human*, by W. Beran Wolfe, M. D., Director of the Community Church Hygiene Clinic, New York City, and published by Farrar & Rhinehart, in an attempt to show the old idea of the inferiority of women, I read the following: "The Church has been the worst enemy of womankind throughout the ages. A famous Catholic Council once went on record that woman did not possess a soul. Women who inadvertently rose above the universal slavery of their sex were immediately branded as witches, as if they were possessed of devils." It may enlighten other readers, as well as myself, to have your comment on this statement.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

C. C. DESAULIERS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We wrote to the Doctor after reading the statement, requesting him to furnish us with his authority for it, but up to date no reply has been received. Needless to say, we do not expect any. To those who have written in about this we say that both statements reveal a crass ignorance. No famous Catholic Council ever went on record that woman does not possess a soul. At the second Council of Macon (585) one bishop raised the point that if it is stated that *homo* (man) has an immortal soul then woman (who is not *homo*) has not an immortal soul. The other bishops pointed out to him that the word *homo* is a generic term meaning a human creature and therefore includes women. It was all a question of grammar and not of dogma. For the sake of his patients, we hope that Dr. Wolfe knows more about hygiene than he does of history. As an historian he seems to be a second-hand dealer in third-class fables.

Brother Bartholomew's Besom

By
Enid Dinnis



IT WAS taken as significant by certain members of the community that Father Prior had admitted Brother Bruno into religion on the same day that he made a purchase of a consignment of hair cloth for the discipline of the brethren.

Brother Bruno was mentally situated midway between the village idiot and the average yokel of whom Father Prior, by some sleight of hand—or heart—made a passably serviceable lay brother. He had a pleasant countenance and a disarming smile—disarming or exasperating, as the case might be, for Brother Bruno was always making mistakes with the best of intentions, and his countenance always matched the intention even during the scolding which supervened. Scoldings were frequent, for the brothers were most of them getting on in years and the necessity for scolding someone entered largely into their day's work, and Brother Bruno afforded them the opportunity equally if he deserved the scolding or not, for he was an unresentful and unruthful brother.

Father Prior received complaints about Brother Bruno—for an occasional grumble is likewise a necessity even among holy men under a vow of poverty—as a duck receives water on its back, if one may be allowed so disrespectful a simile. There was even a reflection of the daft brother's misplaced smile on his own intellectual countenance at times when some

grievous act of foolishness was brought to his notice. Not that Father Prior was a patron of inefficiency. He had, in truth, sorely upset the soul of Brother Bartholomew, who was a rigid observer of the rule of poverty, by the introduction of sundry labor-saving appliances. When he had a chimney with a flue built into the wall of the refectory Brother Bartholomew regarded it with disapproval. If the brethren had to devour a little smoke along with their food, he argued, so much the better. Surely a hole in the roof was more than adequate in the circumstances?

THE community stood in considerable awe of Brother Bartholomew. He was a man of distinctive holiness. When the "Lives of the Fathers of the Desert" was read aloud, the brethren, to a man, thought of Brother Bartholomew. He had entered the Order many years before and had craved the privilege of doing manual work, although he had much cunning as a scribe and as an illuminator, and not a little book-learning, so it was said. Brother Bartholomew never alluded to these accomplishments. He played the game as a man who really possessed high sanctity would. In time those who filled the office of Prior may have come to forget the fact, but, at any rate, the Prior who would have dared suggest substituting the pen for the

broom in his case had yet to be elected. It was quite bad enough, indeed, when the present Prior, who, as I have said, favored modern inventions, introduced the use of brooms which were not of the old-fashioned besom order. Brooms, such as were used in the homes of the high gentry, were employed for the sweeping of the chapter house and Prior's parlor, as well as the chapel; and even the monks' cells! Only Brother Bartholomew adhered to the old method, sanctified by ancient usage, and contented himself with a besom broom—the primitive form of sweeper made out of a broom-stick and a bundle of judiciously-selected twigs. He had made the besom, which he still used, many years ago and the stick was polished by the slow but inexpensive process of constant usage. The brothers who pandered to human frailty and used the article manufactured in the World would not have dreamt of interfering with Brother Bartholomew's besom, even when it was only a question of sweeping up dead leaves on the path. It remained in its corner of the rubbish cupboard from which Brother Bartholomew fetched it when it was his turn to sweep the corridor or refectory; and it was one of the unwritten rules, which in a monastery can almost claim the sanctions of the Holy Rule itself, that no one made use of it save Brother Bartholomew.

One day when Brother Bartholo-

mew was hard at work sweeping up the leaves which had blown into the cloister Brother Bruno chanced to come that way. He stood less in awe of Brother Bartholomew than anyone else. He paused and watched the brother at his task. The latter worked deftly. It was almost like watching someone beating up eggs with a whisk, so delicate was the action by which the dead leaves were brought together into a heap.

Brother Bruno's comment at the end of the demonstration was somewhat unexpected, and, as would be, entirely away from the point.

"I don't much like that kind of broom," he remarked. "Tis the kind that the witches ride on. My gaffer did once see the witch of Dingley Hole riding on such a one, late at night."

"Thy grandfather was haply returning from the Dingley Arms," his hearer hazarded, and left Brother Bruno speechless with admiration for his strange powers of knowing things which he had not been told. He was not sorry that the little brother had conceived an aversion for the besom, absurd as the reason was. The latter showed no desire to handle it himself and Brother Bartholomew bore it away to safety.

When, a couple of days later, Job the tinker brought tidings to the Priory, along with other items of interest, that the witch had disappeared from Dingley Hole, having apparently vanished into thin air, Brother Bartholomew smiled to himself, recalling the boy Bruno's simplicity, and his naïve criticism of the potential uses of a besom broom.

IT was perhaps a week later that Brother Bartholomew made his way to the rubbish receptacle to fetch his besom to sweep out the chapter house and the cloister, round by the washing-troughs. The washing-troughs were vexatious to the soul of Brother Bartholomew. They had been provided with pipes and plugs and could be emptied by a labor-saving process at variance with monastic simplicity. A sign of the general softening of the age. To his surprise the besom was not in its place. He stood and meditated on the possible explanation. None of the brethren would have been likely to have removed it. They would be far too debilitated, spiritually, to make use of a besom in the house. Moreover, the brother did not exist who would have presumed to borrow the besom of Brother Bartholomew. It would be essentially a thing which was not done.

There was only one explanation. He must have left it out in the Calvary Walk when he was sweeping it up a day or two ago. Brother Bartholomew smote his breast at the thought of his carelessness. He must

own up to this neglect of monastic property at the next chapter of faults. It would be quite a good lesson for the community.

But a careful search of the Calvary Walk yielded no sign of the missing broom. In the meadow on the left the monks were making a big fire of the dead leaves and branches which the recent autumn gales had brought down from the trees. Brother Bruno, much in his element, was busy staggering about under loads of fresh fuel, collected in the vicinity, leaving a trail of débris behind him. A sudden and horrid thought came into the mind of the holy Brother Bartholomew. He hastened forward and accosted the novice with a genius for doing the wrong thing—or, if it were by any possibility the right thing, doing it in the wrong way.

No, Brother Bruno had seen nothing of the besom, "Be it not in the cupboard," he asked, "where the rats are?"

When the owner—I mean the utilizer—of the lost besom answered in the negative it set Brother Bruno thinking. Brother Bruno loved to think, poor as the apparatus at his disposal was.

"I be thinking," he said, slowly, "that the witch may have stolen it away. They do say that she has gone off, and witches do always ride on a broomstick, and it's always a besom broom. My gran'fer, he—" Brother Bartholomew interrupted him at this point. He was not amused.

"Pooh!" he said. "It is far more likely that you picked it up along with the dead branches and that it hath been burnt on yon fire."

That was the fear in his mind. It was so absolutely what Brother Bruno would have done.

The latter added to his irritation by becoming immensely relieved. The mention of the witch had banished his habitual smile for a moment, but now it returned in full force.

"Mayhap I did do that," he said, "and it was not the witch. Her were an unholy body to have about the place, but they did say that she had vanished on a sudden, and one that calleth yesterday did tell Brother John that he had seen her about the place."

By way of answer Brother Bartholomew strode towards the bonfire where the flames were feeding merrily on the previous load deposited by Brother Bruno. From it there protruded a stick, not a rough branch, but the kind which is used as a broom handle. A round, smooth stick polished by the honest grip of the user. Brother Bartholomew made a grab at it, withdrawing it from the hungry flames. But nothing remained at the other end, which was charred to a cinder, to suggest that it had belonged to a besom broom;

the latter was still a matter of deduction. "There," Brother Bartholomew cried, in angry triumph. "See what thy stupid carelessness hath done! A good broom, an excellent broom, destroyed!"

Brother Bruno gazed, first at the stick and then at the angry man who was holding it up almost as though he would have liked to have laid it about the shoulders of the brother whose smile had retired for the moment.

"It be only a besom," he said. Which was about the worst that he could have selected out of an infinity of possible rejoinders.

"Only a besom," Brother Bartholomew repeated. "Is that the way that you understand the holy rule of poverty?" And with that he entered into a long dissertation which contained many words and phrases that Brother Bruno had never come across, such as "reprehensible" and "intrinsic value" which same appeared in this case to be "negligible," whatever that might be. One thing, however, was apparent to Brother Bruno. Poor Brother Bartholomew was very upset at the loss of his broom.

It would have been almost better if it had been the witch, God help her, that had ridden away on the besom, Brother Bruno thought to himself, blessing himself at the same moment lest such a thought might do his soul harm.

Brother Bartholomew was still eyeing him sourly.

"Tis a matter of confession for both of us," he said. "Twas my carelessness that left the broom at thy mercy on the path." Whereat he smote his breast, looking rather as though he wished it had been the breast of the defaulting brother.

BROTHER BRUNO was distressed. Tis a doleful thing to see a holy brother so sorely put about over so small a matter. Brother Bartholomew must be a *very* holy man to have been so well contented with an old besom as to mourn its loss like this! As though it had been one of the brooms which the other brothers used in the house. Was there any chance, Bruno wondered, of the besom coming to light? There had been a deal of rubbish thrown on the fire and haply amongst it there might be some other broom-sticks! That night he knelt down and commanded the matter to St. John of Beverley, a kind saint to his fellow-countrymen in need. Then he got into bed and fell asleep, and dreamt that Father Prior was pacing down the Calvary Walk pushing a strange broom-like thing with a long handle, towards which all the dust on the path made advance, as though drawn by a spell, whilst Brother Bartholomew, mounted witch-like on a broom that was not a besom, was circling round and round

in the air above, like a bird, and finally riding off upward in the direction of the clouds.

It was a strange dream, stranger than usual, and Brother Bruno was given to having strange dreams. It was not the least of his offences that he maddened the brothers with recitations of his dreams until, had there been a pit in the Priory demesne, the dreamer might have found his way into it. Father Novice-Master had been compelled at length to place the dreamer under an obedience not to repeat his dreams in order to preserve the peace. Bruno, who would dearly have loved to tell his dream to Brother Bartholomew, felt his soul tug at its moorings as he remembered the prohibition.

St. John of Beverley was not long in seeing to the matter. Next day Brother Bruno was the one chosen to convey a large perch caught in the monks' pond to the grange of a Franklin to whom it was sometimes considered diplomatic to offer a little civility.

Now, the shortest road to the grange lay through the green on which the fair was being held, and it speaks volumes for Brother Bruno's religious spirit that he was given permission to take the short way. He could be trusted to observe the custody of the eyes, even in a fair! The goods of this world had no attraction for him. Neither, as a rule, had the little tit-bits of gossip which one is bound to pick up at a grange.

BUT on this occasion the Franklin's ostler had an item of news for the Priory messenger which possessed a sinister interest. It was really quite a sensational snippet. The Wise Woman of Dingley Hole had been seen at Beltham Castle, thirty miles off, within an hour or two of her disappearance from the Hole. The question was, How had she accomplished the journey? They were saying that she was administering her potions to the Baron's Lady, who was sick of a strange complaint, and that the latter was like to be cured.

As Brother Bruno listened to the ostler's tale, his thoughts flew to the besom. A cold feeling crept up his spine. Had Brother Bartholomew been mistaken about the charred broom handle? It was but a passing thought, but a disquieting one. The brother made his way homeward through the double line of stalls where the hucksters foregathered to offer their wares for sale. He made his way swiftly, with downcast eyes. The perch had provided him with holy thoughts of the men who were fishermen in Galilee, and now an accidental glimpse of the picture of the lady who was half a fish only served to remind him of the fishers of men. Only once the little brother fell. And it was not the two-faced cow that

caused it, but a stall upon which were displayed an assortment of brushes and brooms of every conceivable variety. A squeak from a dog, which in behaving like the proverbial dog in a fair had contrived to get trodden on, caused him to look up, for the cry of an animal in distress made an irresistible appeal to Brother Bruno, and then it was that his eye fell on the brooms, and Bruno fell along with his eye.

IT happened to be just the very moment when young Sir Ambrose, the knight who had been victor at the tourney, was passing that way, looking out for something to tickle the fancy of his ladylove, the Queen of Beauty, by the same token. Young Sir Ambrose was in high spirits and a bountiful mood. He caught sight of the lay brother gazing with all his

eyes at the brushes and brooms and proceeded to address him.

"How now, good Brother," the knight said. "So you be getting some of the fun of the fair along with the rest of us?"

Poor Brother Bruno blushed most penitently.

"I be thinking of poor Brother Bartholomew," he said, "that hath had his besom broom burnt by mistake." Whereas young Sir Ambrose extracted the whole sad story from the artless novice who, he gathered, had got into serious trouble over the matter.

"COME along," Sir Ambrose said, "and we will buy a new broom for Brother Bartholomew." A young knight who has but lately kissed the hand of the Queen of Beauty can feel like that, and Sir Ambrose was one



It was quite the newest and handiest thing in brooms.

who loved his kind, in any circumstances.

Brother Bruno could hardly believe his ears. He drew in a quick breath, and rendered due thanks—to St. John of Beverley.

THE salesman soon discovered that he had got a promising customer. Only the best possible of brooms was good enough for the Favorite of the fairest Lady in the shire. Sir Ambrose insisted on overhauling the entire stock, and finally settled on an amazingly-devised broom with two sides to it which, by an ingenious adjusting of the head, could either apply the prickliest of bristles to a carpet or mat, or the softest of woolen hair to the polished floor of the chapter house or the tiles of the cloister. The broomstick was already beautifully polished, without the aid of the hand that was to grasp it. In short, it was quite the newest and handiest thing in brooms.

Young Sir Ambrose produced a ducet (or it may have been a mark) in payment and handed the broom over to the still gaping Brother Bruno. The latter gave thanks for a second time to St. John of Beverley, and this time did not forget to do the same to his intermediary. With his widest smile on his pleasant countenance Brother Bruno strode off, carrying the new broom over his shoulder like the flag of a regiment.

As he entered the Priory gateway he saw Brother Bartholomew's figure in the far distance. He was busy basket-making, in the manner of the Fathers, and bending over his task as a scholar bends over his books. In between them, approaching in Bruno's direction, was Father Prior himself, a meeting most happily arranged, doubtless by St. John of Beverley himself.

Brother Bartholomew, absorbed in his task, looked up suddenly to find himself confronted by the apparition of an ecstatic lay brother waving aloft a broom. It was Brother Bruno, his countenance shining with joy. Holding out the broom he made the single exclamation:

"Look!"

Brother Bartholomew looked. He looked with repulsion; with disapprobation, and with disdain. It was a brand-new broom, one of the latest design, such as the Whitefriars used in their new Friary and were so fond of exhibiting as the most effective sweeper on the mart. Such a one had not so far penetrated the Priory.

"Where did you get that?" Brother Bartholomew demanded, sharply. Whereat Brother Bruno poured out his wonderful story in eager, breathless tones. He told of the strange young knight who had so marvellously come to the rescue of the poor brother who had been bereft of his broom by the carelessness of another

brother. But the result was not what he had anticipated. There was no answering glow on the holy brother's countenance. He eyed Brother Bruno even more sourly than he had eyed the broom.

"And by what right," he queried, coldly, "be you receiving rich presents without permission? Either for yourself or for another, it were the same offence. Get back with it to him that gave it to you."

His reproving glance should have withered the little novice into a condition similar to the dead leaves around them, but Bruno still continued to smile. He smiled more than ever, for he understood now why the holy brother had looked so affrighted.

"Have no scruples, Brother," he cried, "for I did meet Father Prior on the way thither and I showed him the broom and told him the story of the good knight and St. John, and of thy sorrowful loss; and he was most mightily pleased—never have I seen Father Prior look so pleased, in good sooth. 'Take the new broom to Brother Bartholomew,' quoth he, 'with my blessing on it.'"

But, alas and alack! The effect of the explanation was only to make things worse than ever. It was plain that Brother Bartholomew was grievously vexed. Gladly, indeed, would he have used the efficacious new broom to sweep the gregious brother off the face of creation, and eke have forgiven it its efficiency. He pointed to a tree-trunk.

"Set it against there and leave it," Brother Bartholomew said, and his look was so stern that little Brother Bruno obeyed in silence and crept away, crestfallen and sadly disappointed. Apparently Father Prior's word from his own lips was needed to dispel the scruple of this so very holy brother.

WHEN he had gone Brother Bartholomew stood and surveyed the object placed against the tree with sullen eyes and a drooping of the underlip which in adult years takes the place of a pout. It was not a religious implement. It was labor-saving, and man is born to labor, even when he is not a ghostly man. He glowered at the long yellow stick. It was garish and unseemly. A polished broomstick, forsooth, in a religious house!

Brother Bartholomew made a sudden step forward. He laid hold of the broom and carried it off towards the place which he had selected as a fitting home for his old besom. Arrived there he grasped the new broom with an almost savage energy in both hands and, thrusting it into a far corner, jammed it down into a damp and rotting heap of discarded mats and the like, disturbing a large rat, which ran out as he did so.

Then he proceeded to possess him-

self of a broomstick with one end charred by fire and a strip of stout canvas binding, and, with the set expression still on his face, went forth into the plantation where there was still lying about a quantity of twigs and slender branches.

Then Brother Bartholomew became busy.

THERE was one place where Brother Bruno was sometimes found to be of definite use. It was the Infirmary. When a brother was lying in danger of death the little novice would talk to him glibly of the near joys of Heaven, for Purgatory had no terrors for Bruno. It was agreed that his smile would carry him safely past the custodians of the City of Peace, for who could have the heart to send such a trusting soul back to Purgatory? And Bruno's smile had a heartening effect on the soul which feared overmuch the justice of Heaven.

They sent for him on the day following the broom episode to comfort one of the monks who was suffering from a complaint which had baffled the Brother Infirman, who had summoned the village leech. The latter was in attendance when Bruno arrived.

The leech was a cheery soul, given like many of his kind to passing a word on current topics when he had done with human symptoms.

"I see," he remarked, "that the 'Wise Woman' is back again. I met her even as I came along this way. Bad pennies do return anon. That was a pretty tale that they spread abroad that the Baron of Beltham had sent for her to cure his Lady of an ill humor in the blood."

A certain rivalry which existed between the leech and the Wise Woman may have made professional jealousy responsible for this conclusion. The witch was cunning in the use of herbs and her potions had cured as many sicknesses as her spells had induced.

Bruno listened to the leech and became vaguely disquieted. It was disquieting to think that the witch had returned. Where had she been all this while?

But it was a subsequent incident which brought a real cold chill into the spine of Brother Bruno. On the day following he chanced to be in need of an old clout for some purpose and made bold to go and help himself from the assortment in the receptacle for such where Brother Bartholomew had kept his broom. He opened the door and then started back, for just inside, standing against the wall, was—a besom broom! Brother Bruno's first feeling was one of pleasure. So Brother Bartholomew had found his old broom and he, Brother Bruno, had not been the

culprit, after all. In what manner, he wondered, had the broom come to light?

The next moment the cold shudder was running up his spine, for—there was only one person who could have borrowed it, and that was the witch! Both she and the besom had disappeared at the same time, and now, on her return, it was back in its place. And she had been seen in the neighborhood of the Priory on each occasion.

BRUNO retired shudderingly from the vicinity of the broom. He crossed himself and whispered a prayer suitable to the occasion, and then his unquenchable and incorrigible native optimism asserted itself. The broom had been used by the holiest of the brethren. It seemed wrong to be recollecting from it like this. Surely, so far from the witch having contaminated it, it might be possible that the contact with it could have a salutary effect on the demon-riden dame? Brother Bartholomew was so very holy. He had been content to be served by an old besom broom these many years. And Holy Church had never forbidden anyone to pray for the conversion of witches, God help them!

It was a delicate point. Riding on a broomstick is a forbidden art. Could a conversion take place in such circumstances? It was quite characteristic of Brother Bruno that he thought it could. At any rate, it would be a mighty fine thing if Brother Bartholomew's besom had converted the witch. Bruno dropped onto his knees. He proceeded to place the matter before Heaven, praying out loud, as was his wont.

He addressed his Heavenly Father in precisely the same way that he would have done the Father Prior. "Yon's Brother Bartholomew's besom," he said, opening his tightly-closed eyes to indicate the object in question, "and the witch, she that hath a demon in her, hath been riding on it. Brother Bartholomew, he be a holy man. Lord [The brother's voice was taking that persuasive tone that had wheedled many a sick monk into taking his medicine], a wondrous holy man; and he hath been content to use yon poor old besom for his sweeping until the young knight and St. John of Beverley got him a new one, he be that humble—be Brother Bartholomew. And 'twould be a fine thing," Brother Bruno went on, insinuatingly, "if the riding on Brother Bartholomew's besom could have drove the demon out of the witch, poor soul."

He paused at this juncture, for he had heard a footstep behind him. Turning round, he beheld someone standing there. It was no other than Brother Bartholomew himself. He

had overheard the naive petition, but his face was grave and his head bent. He had not been amused.

Brother Bruno rose from his knees. He pointed to the besom. " 'Tis come back again," he said in a hoarse undertone. "The witch did ride away on it, and she hath brought it back. I did not throw it on the fire, after all."

Brother Bartholomew made answer. He shook his head, and a faint color came into his cheek as he spoke.

"But that is not my old besom," he said. "It is one that I have made to serve in its place."

Bruno gazed at him perplexedly.

"But where, then, is the broom that St. John sent thee?" he asked.

The color deepened on the other's cheek. "In yon corner," he said, and pointed to the refuse heap.

Bruno sprang forward and hauled it out. He handled it reverently.

"It hath Father Prior's blessing on it," he said. "But, see, the rats have gnawed away some of the soft hairs."

Brother Bartholomew was standing there in silence, beating his breast. And he smote it hard, as though he were glad that it was himself that he was hitting.

Bruno placed the broom gently by the side of the besom. He gave a glance that was semi-wistful at the latter.

"Then the witch did not ride away on it after all," he said. "I did pray that she might have been converted if she had ridden on thy broom, holy Brother, for they say that the evil spirit that is in a witch doth cause her to ride on a broomstick."

THEN Brother Bartholomew spoke, and he spoke with passion.

"Pray not for the poor woman that evil tongues have called a witch," he cried. "Pray rather for the monk

that was too proud to use a new broom. In sooth it was no evil spirit that made away with the old besom, but only a mishap that was no sin; but in very truth it was an evil spirit that brought it back."

With that he picked up the new broom and kneeling down kissed it, first on the prickly side, so that the blood flowed from his lips, and then on the soft side that the rats had maltreated.

"God have mercy on me a sinner!" Brother Bartholomew said.

Brother Bruno was watching him. His comment was characteristically trivial.

"Why," he cried, "I do believe that the broom which I did dream that I saw thee riding up to Heaven on had a head that was shaped like this one."

IT was on the following Friday, at the Chapter of Faults, after Brother Bartholomew had electrified the brethren by a mighty humble confession of a grave offence against holy poverty, and holy obedience, and eke, holy humility, that Brother Bruno came forward with his confession of the unwitting destruction of Brother Bartholomew's besom.

"And, moreover, my Father and Brethren," Brother Bruno said, "I have further offended in repeating my dreams to a brother, for—" he glanced from the Prior to the audience, so admirably convened—"I did have a most curious dream wherein I strangely saw Brother Bartholomew flying up to Heaven on a broom that was not a besom."

And that may, or may not, have been the origin of the saying that dear old Brother Barty, for he came to be "Brother Barty" before he died, had been a white witch that went to Heaven on a broomstick.

"Love Blooms in Splendor"

By J. Corson Miller

SAY not "Love naught availeth,"
When love can blossom like this,
In five Red Roses, stemmed from pain,
For man's eternal bliss.

The soil of stony hearts
Brought forth but death and loss,
Until the Sacred Gardener groomed
These flowers on His cross;

That Cross—that Bleeding Bush,
From which the Red Drops pour
An endless stream of priceless love
On earth forevermore.

Say, then "Love blooms in splendor,
Immune from winter's breath;
Whose power is sown from seeds immortal,
To master mortal death."



The COURAGE THAT COMES WITH A CRISIS

By

Daniel B. Pulsford

Nicodemus said to them (he that came to Him by night, who was one of them) "Doth our law judge any man, unless it first hear him, and know what he doth?" (St. John 7:51, 52.)

PAPINI has been very hard on Nicodemus. He classes him with those false friends, those "cautious souls who tremble at thought of what the world may say, who follow us, but only at a distance, who recognize us but only when there is no one to see, who esteem us, but not sufficiently to confess their esteem to any one but themselves, who love us, but not to the extent of sacrificing an hour's sleep or a single penny to help us."

The illustrious Italian convert who wrote that, is himself a violent and passionate nature. With many brilliant gifts he is yet lacking in judgment. The slowness with which more cautious and critical natures move irritates him because he does not understand them. Their indecisiveness looks to him like cowardice. It is impossible for him to credit them with the reserve strength they often possess. It is the eternal quarrel between the man of revolutionary temper and the conservative-minded.

Happily the Catholic Church is big enough to house both varieties of human nature and, if they submit to her guidance, teach them the charity which understands opposites. It has room for both St. Peter and St. Thomas and can unite them in the same apostleship.

LET it be confessed that Nicodemus does not appeal to us like those of more heroic mould. Moreover, he is removed from our sympathies by his official position. He wears a livery which the story of the Passion has made repulsive. Was he not one of those grave elders whose pretentious officialism cloaked the pride that rejoices in broad phylacteries and long prayers? He belonged, in fact, to the class against which were directed Our Lord's fiercest invectives. It is difficult for one versed in the Gospels to retain any sympathy with the Pharisees. They represent, as a whole, a cold-blooded, supercilious type which instinctively revolts us. It almost

looks as though Christ Himself regarded them as hopeless.

YET it has to be remembered that it was from this very class He recruited the Apostle to the Gentiles. The universality of the Divine charity is nowhere more evident than in the conversion of St. Paul. Our Lord could see the possibilities of even a hardened and embittered Pharisaic opponent. We must endeavor to exercise some of the same charity in judging the less conspicuously antagonistic opponent who is the subject of this article.

The very fact that Nicodemus belonged to the party which had been so persistently exposed by the Teacher is in his favor. It was comparatively easy for the poor and outcast to rally to their Champion. He was so obviously on their side. His teaching seemed to offer them special privileges in the Kingdom He was establishing. They had apparently everything to gain and nothing to lose by espousing His cause. They were in the position of those "Christian Socialists" who, on the strength of certain misunderstood elements in His utterances, hail Jesus as "Comrade" and represent Him as a revolutionary Leader of the proletariat.

Nicodemus had no such motive as they. He belonged to a party which had felt the full force of the Nazarene's denunciation. He had heard men who were his friends described as "whited sepulchres," "a generation of vipers." There was rankling in his mind the chagrin of seeing One, seemingly unlearned, usurp the authority of the professional theologians among whom he was numbered. From the Pharisaic point of view, Jesus was an ignorant upstart, a demagogue who had undermined the people's faith in their "bettters." His popularity was a serious challenge to their caste-pride. His terse sayings made their painful pedantry look ridiculous. Had they not spent long years studying the minutiae of the Law and grown grey in unravelling its problems, and were they to be put wise by a Village Carpenter Who dismissed their traditions as "man-made"?

Nicodemus' social environment was poisoned by reflections of this sort. We all know how difficult it is to make headway against the prejudices of those with whom we daily associate. The plutocrat lives in a world of his own and can hardly conceive of the passions which move the propertyless. The medical man whose youth was spent in the studious acquisition of the knowledge that has given him his status naturally absorbs the professional jealousy which regards the unlicensed practitioner with distrust. Individual interests, in these cases, are reinforced by class-interests. *Esprit de corps* comes to the aid of outraged personal feelings.

NICODEMUS, let us remember, was in a similar position. The circles in which he moved hummed with distorted accounts of what the Nazarene had said. Exaggerated rumors of His doings were their daily gossip. Anyone who ventured to say a word on His behalf was regarded as a traitor. "Art thou also a Galilean?" they would hiss. It was difficult to escape an atmosphere of this kind. Even to think kindly of the Prophet, he had to fight the whole weight of the only "public opinion" that concerned him—that of his own "set."

Nor must it be forgotten that he was not an irresponsible individual with no one but himself to consider; he was a Jewish Senator, one to whom was entrusted the conduct of national affairs. To estimate what this means watch the change which comes over a political party which has been in opposition when it comes into power. How official position cools the firebrands! With what caution move those who had advocated drastic measures! What a transformation is effected in yesterday's reckless orators! Official responsibility quickens the critical faculty. That is why Jerusalem was less enthusiastic than Galilee.

The Sanhedrin in particular had to move cautiously. It realized, as those outside could not, what a false step might mean. There had been other sporadic risings among the turbulent people of the North—risings which had been put down in bloody fashion by the Imperial power. A man who belonged to the Sanhedrin could not hastily and without enquiry ally himself with the Hero of the hour, however popular He might happen to be.

AND so we find Nicodemus judiciously interrogating the Nazarene in a private interview under cover of night. It says something for him that he went even so far. At least it proves him open to conviction. The violent prejudices of his colleagues could not prevent him from wanting a statement from the Teacher Himself. As he was to point out on a later occasion, the Law did not judge a man without first hearing what he had to say on his behalf.

That interview, I imagine, was undertaken less from personal curiosity than from a sense of duty, on the

principle just quoted. Everybody was vilifying the Prophet. It seemed only right to discover at first hand how much of what was said was true.

Nicodemus came away from Jesus' humble abode with the certain conviction that the One with Whom he had been talking was no mere adventurer, nor did the calm eyes into which the Senator had looked betray anything of the fanatic. I imagine the two to have ascended, for the sake of privacy, to the roof of the house. No other background save that of the night-sky with its multitudinous stars, no other accompaniment save that of the wind, so suggestive of "the Spirit Who breatheth where He wills," fits the profound themes on which they conversed.

THE poor, cramped soul of the Legalist had then its first experience of "the open-air treatment." Nicodemus had set out on his fateful visit rehearsing the minute points of the Law which the Prophet was said to have overlooked. Pedantic scrupulosity fettered him. As Jesus talked to him,



however, it was as though someone had pulled back a curtain revealing the illimitable heavens and a wind had arisen blowing the cobwebs from his mind. Scruples were forgotten as he breathed the air of that larger world. It was as though he had been, there and then, born again.

But the experience was too new to be trusted without further thought. He was not an impulsive man. Meanwhile antagonism to the Nazarene was growing. Nicodemus was in an agony of doubt. All the forces we have enumerated pulled one way while the impressions he had received at his private interview pointed in the other direction. None but those who have passed through a similar experience know the torture of such indecision. The mind paces to and fro like some wild beast in a cage, looking for some compromise by which it can escape from its dilemma. In this case none appeared. And then one day the thing came to a head.

A DEPUTATION which had been sent to interrogate Jesus returned to report, and their report confirmed Nicodemus' own impressions. "Never man spoke as this Man," they said. Whereupon there broke out a chorus of vituperation. Had they also been bewitched? Could they not trust the testimony of those really learned in the Law or did they prefer the verdict of the rabble?

Ostensibly the deputation had gone to discover the truth but it was now clear that what was required of them was evidence to support the Prosecution. These men cared nothing for justice; all they cared for was to get this troublesome Agitator out of the way. Amid the babel of voices Nicodemus sat silent till someone turned on him. What did he think, they asked. Challenged in this way, he could hold his peace no longer. Provoked by the bitter injustice of his colleagues' attitude, he replied: "Is it right to judge a man without giving him a chance to state his case?"

At once they fell upon him with abuse, with mockery, with threats. Just previously it had been asserted that none of the Pharisees believed in Jesus, and here, a minute after, was a prominent Pharisee defending Him. It was outrageous. Nicodemus, for his part, felt that at last he had committed himself. There could be no going back now. He was labelled.

Yet he made no open avowal of faith. Why?

It is easy to say with Papini that he was a coward. But I think a more honorable motive for the delay can be discovered. It seems reasonable to suppose that Nicodemus hoped that the breach between the Prophet and the leaders of Jerusalem would be healed. I imagine him both a just and a charitable man. He would try to think the best of his colleagues on the Sanhedrin.

Perhaps he assumed that they were honorable men like himself and that they would not press their false charges when they had further evidence of the truth. That they should bring about Jesus' crucifixion, handing Him over for the purpose to the hated Romans, may well have been inconceivable to one of his temperament. I see in him one of those mild men who think well of everyone. Their own innocence makes them blind to the darker side of human nature. Such a one might tell himself that when things came to a point Caiphas and the rest would see their mistake and that some sort of truce would be patched up. "They cannot surely mean to kill Him," he would say in horror-stricken tones.

And so he waited, as so many good men before and after his time have waited, giving the Devil time to work out his plans. "If I have a little patience," he might argue, "there will be no need to separate myself from the rest of the Sanhedrin. A general understanding will be arrived at and we shall all be able to work together for the good of Israel."

So some hoped at the time of the Reformation that the storm would blow over. So some hope today that the sect to which they belong will make a corporate act of submission to Rome which will make unnecessary any independent action on their part. An ill-judged confidence in the intentions of their associates leads them to delay their individual submission year after year. Crisis after crisis arises but they still hang on, like the withered leaves of autumn fluttering on wintry trees. In some cases the procrastination is due to a genuine fear of the step which conscience dictates. But there are other cases where delay is practised in good

faith. A final crisis compels reluctant action.

It was thus in this instance. The Jewish Senator waited until he could no longer doubt his colleagues' sinister intent, and then events happened too rapidly for him to intervene. Before he had awakened to the fact, Jesus had been arrested, tried and crucified. The whole thing was over in a few hours. The voice that had spoken with such penetrating meaning under the star-lit sky was silent, the deep eyes in which the Nazarene's visitor had seen such unspeakable truths were closed in death.

Suddenly Nicodemus awoke from his dream, his make-believe, his mistaken confidence in human nature. The ultimate catastrophe in all its stark reality was before his eyes. It destroyed forever his belief in his fellow-rulers. At the same time it revealed Jesus' unfaltering love. There was but one thing left to do. He might at least supply the myrrh and aloes for the burial. Belated devotion, but the best he could do. Belated though it was, the offering was accepted of God, and, on the Resurrection Morn, Nicodemus stood with the rest of the disciples. His courage had come with the crisis.

There are men like St. Peter—impetuous and demonstrative—whose enthusiasm is apt to outrun their spiritual powers. They strike heroic attitudes and their impulsive natures win our sympathy and affection, but in the testing hour they are too often found wanting. There are other men whose slow, cautious temperaments and conservative clinging to the past give them an appearance of cowardice, but who, when the danger becomes indubitable, will be found in the thick of the fight. And the Church in her wide catholicity has room for both.

Annunciation

By Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

A LITTLE maid is stoled in prayer;
An angel speeds through Spring's blue air;
A lowly home in Nazareth town,
Lies hushed in gold the day sends down.

And now this little Lady sees
A Vision splendid on its knees,
All silver bright in shimmering glory,
To tell her Love's strange, wondrous story.

And when Lord Gabriel's tale is done,
And Mary's white fiat is won,
Deep sable shadows dark emboss
On walls, God's blazonry—the Cross!

POROUS PLASTERS and WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

Ethereal Utterance

THE radio makes strange combinations. Who would ever think of associating the Sistine Choir and George Washington Coffee! Yet it was the latter that brought the former to us from Rome, via the air. But so inured have we become to such bizarre combinations, that, doubtless, most of us hardly adverted to the outrage of the sublimities of Church-chant interlarded with shrewd, if subdued, references to the merits of a one-minute American brew. We are unworried, too, that our preachers of Catholic truth have to compete for public favor with Rudy Vallée, Connie Boswell, the Cuckoo Hour, and Kate Smith.

Must we not sometimes wonder if such publicity is worth the price? Grand Opera, for long, held itself



aloof from the microphone, fearful of the vulgar associations: should angels rush in where fools hesitate to tread?

An eminent Sunday ether orator had the humiliation (if he deemed it such) not long ago, of beholding his "act" written up like any other in a theatrical weekly, and must have been somewhat astonished to find himself—a representative of Christ—on a footing with Eddie Cantor. Would it not be better to wait until the air is more liberated from commercialism, and worse, before it is widely chosen as a Catholic medium? The Master Himself proclaimed the folly of giving what is holy to dogs and casting pearls before swine.

It may be protested that these religious broadcasts are not listened to by the unreligious-minded. True. But the sad fact is that they are derided by them. Hearken to this from *Time*: "Punctuated with buzzings, cracklings and discreet references to G. Washington Coffee, this first international broadcast of the famed choir [Sistine] was arranged last year by the personal representative of the Company's President George Washington, devout Roman

Catholic, at a reputed cost of \$10,000." Wouldn't it be more agreeable not to hear the Eternal City than to have to listen to such tongue-in-the-cheek-y, eye-twinkling estimates of it?

Yet the Holy Father himself has consecrated the air with his voice. Yes, but he speaks from his own Vatican Station HVJ and not under the auspices of this concern or that, with such and such an axe of pecuniary interest to grind. And as for a noble and dignified Catholic station like our American WLWL, nothing but laud is in order. More of these earnest and uncommercialized outlets for the supernatural truth are a crying need; but until there are more would it not be better for Catholic utterance by air to be less?

King Lear and Uncle Sam

POLITICS goes on gassing in Washington—and Japan punches one of our consuls in the jaw. A couple of nice little notes, interchanged, are enough to smooth over the Tokio insult—no matter how much they simply do not serve to unpunch said consul's jaw.

There was a time when a frown from Uncle Sam would have awed the world; but today the greatest mark of respect the old gentleman seems to be getting from over-seas is an occasional spit-ball. Once Theodore Roosevelt duly impressed the globe by sending a mighty American flotilla around it, and now our President keeps busy canceling what little Navy we have left. Like Lear, the U. S. A., in her dotage, is doffing power and qualifying for an ignominious exit into a storm of troubles. We are already hearing a lot of national whin-



ing about the ingratitude of foreign nations to these shores and their appalling lack of respect. But what respect can a mouse have for a lion that cuts off his own claws, pulls out his teeth and eliminates his spine? And who ever does remember with thanks the fellows that dress up like Santa Claus and hand out holiday

gifts? If we would have gratitude, our European giving, for the future, must be inspired by common sense and directed by prudence; if we would be respected, we must recover our dignity and retain a few defences; if we'd be no longer spit-balled on the cheek or fisticuffed on the consular jaw, we might cease making a laughing-stock of ourselves to the world, by setting our own household in order before attempting to interfere in the affairs of other nations. Should Uncle Sam be surprised at a blow on the face from Japan, when he permits organized outlawry in his own domain to bestow on him kick after kick?

Definitions

HISTORY: The art of sifting through a welter of lies for the ones that will make the most impression.

POLITICS: The art of feathering



one's nest with one hand and waving the flag with the other.

MODERN ART: Beauty that has taken carbolic acid and is dying in convulsions.

MODERN ETHICS: Goodness that has done or is doing the same.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY: Truth ditto.

MODERN EDUCATION: The art of knowing nothing brilliantly.

Effortless Education

How many generations of youngsters have dreamed of a school where attendance at classes would be quite optional! But, of course, their elders could never think of any such nonsense as letting a fancy like that go very far. Ironically, however, there is at least an instance of just such a school for adolescents, machine-gunning all the time-honored notions of what a mental institution should be; and, fittingly, this nobler experiment is to be found in Chicago.

Robert Maynard Hutchins, very young President of the University of Chicago, is the daddy of the idea, which is just a year old and quite a bouncing baby.

Alas! First of all, nobody who is

at all interested in the truth pays much attention to a parent praising an offspring.

Although President Hutchins proclaims that the new plan has caused scholastic aptitude to rise eleven per cent, what doth it profit if morale has declined in corresponding degree? And who may seriously expect that, when students are permitted to do as they please, they will consistently be pleased to do what they should?

Again, although the happy young President reports that, under his régime, many students did more work than was expected of them, the reviewer sees little cause for elation. Goodness knows it would have been hard for those students to do less!

The President's dictum, "You have freedom to go as slow or as fast as you wish," may be sympathetic, but it certainly sounds like, "What do we care!" Why college at all if college-essentials be scrap-basketed? Apparently it would be better for a youth or maiden to stay home and read magazines or listen to the radio.



At least they would then be doing something that Pa wouldn't have to pay for and they'd probably be learning as much.

After all, though, it may be true that fire needn't be kept in a stove but should be allowed to spread out at will. And, if so, Robert Maynard Hutchins is faultless in his attitude toward flaming youth and academic fire-departments are utterly *passé*.

But an attempt to prove this proposition might be attended with difficulties and take time. Meanwhile it would be safer to think that a royal road to learning has yet to be found; that, if supine faculties demand little, they are practically certain to be rewarded with a whole lot less, and that, if the burden of teaching is quite buck-passed from paid professors to the students themselves education has let go of its ideals and fallen to the level of a racket.

Timeless Tomes

THERE are no permanent successes any more. Instead of the tome for all times, we have the Book of the Month. Possibly we may soon have the Masterpiece of the Minute: so that those that run may indeed read.

A fast-advancing age, Horatio. Anyhow, it's fast.

Thoughtless Thoughts

ABOUT wine-bricks. Once men used to lay bricks; now bricks lay men. There'd be many a paying concern in business today, if there were a little more concern for paying.

Japan would like America to mind her own business. Trouble is, though, that these days America hasn't any business to mind.

Conflicting reports concerning a revolutionary movement in Ecuador have come to us. Well, if we don't exactly know what they're fighting for down there, we mustn't take it too much to heart; possibly they themselves don't know either.

The Government deficit is about \$500,000,000. Evidently no one may accuse Uncle Sam of prolonging this depression by not spending.

There must be a speak-easy or something around that corner which it is taking Prosperity such a long time to turn.

Suggestion for theme-song of Returning Prosperity: "In the Sweet Buy and Buy."

Under-Secretary Castles has the idea that we can laugh ourselves out of the depression. Yes, die laughing.

It is quite certain that most of the unemployed do not believe that half a "loaf" is better than no bread.

Europe's best plan for ending the depression over there is to amplify and prolong it over here. If we cancel her debts to us, and assume them ourselves, ours will be the great reward of seeing how relieved she is.

Similes

FEEBLE as a talkie-queen's attempt to keep out of the papers.

Lively as a politician before election, and as dead as same after.

Tight as two Scotchmen with paralysis.

Pretty as a mother thinks her baby is.

Prominent as a hooked nose with a wart with three hairs on it.

Soothing as a radio high soprano and a cat howling on a back-fence, in persistent duet, at midnight.

Devotion

ONLY a stylish school-teacher, As spic as they come! But, alas, She got wedded one day To a man cross the way, And then, sad to say, lost her class.

Settlements That Don't Settle

EUROPE has a genius for settling present problems by substituting future ones. Any fool, but the clever ones known as diplomats, could have seen that the Treaty of Versailles would be as calming to Tomorrow as a timed bomb. Now the follies of it are in tragic evidence.

The Quality of Mercy

A Modern Plea

GENTLEMEN of the Jury:

True, my client killed his wife, stole and spent a million dollars and burned an orphan asylum. But what are these three crimes against the myriads that are committed every day all over the world! What is his guilt alongside the massed iniquity of human kind! Ah, be not impressed that he is blameable for so much, but rather amazed that he is chargeable with so little! Consider the black crimes of history and realize that, alongside these, my client is as spotless as the driven snow and as innocent as the babe smilingly slumbering on his mother's breast!

What, gentlemen! Would you send comparative innocence and guiltlessness to—pardon my gulf—the grave? Would you condemn murder by—by becoming murderers yourselves! No,



no! Not while the heart that throbs under your vest remains worthy of its place in a human being!

This man's wife loved him and thought that everything he did was just perfect! Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, I ask you: If she were here this minute, would she condemn him? Wouldn't she be the very last in the world to point a finger of scorn.

As for money, my client always hated it as the root of all evil! So can you blame him for tearing some of it up by the root and—ahem—burning it? With regard to the orphanage, he merely opened the door of it and, with the warmest kind of invitation from his burning bosom, released so many little angels into the heaven for which their sweetness and innocence so beautifully fitted them and where alone they belonged!

Gentlemen, instead of condemning this man, you should rather clasp his hand! If he is a public enemy, then I want only a public enemy for a friend! That is all. Assured of a verdict of "not guilty," I rest my case.

A Capital Idea

DESPAIRING Husband with sheaf of bills in hand: I think I'll send my wife to Russia. She'd make a swell bolshevist.

Friend: How so?

Husband: She's simply obsessed with the idea of doing away with capital.

EFFECTS and OBLIGATIONS

By
Adrian Lynch, C.P.

of MARRIAGE

What are the principal effects of marriage?

The principal effects of marriage are the creation of the bond of marriage, and, in sacramental marriages, the conferring of sanctifying grace.

Whence do these effects arise?

The bond of marriage arises from the contract; the conferring of grace comes from the Sacrament.

What is the peculiar nature of the bond of marriage?

From valid marriage arises between the married partners a bond which is by its nature perpetual and exclusive. Canon 1110.

Is the bond of every marriage perpetual and exclusive?

The bond of every true marriage is perpetual and exclusive, but the bond is firmer in marriages between the baptized because of the sacramental character of such a marriage. Canon 1013.

Why is the bond of marriage perpetual?

The bond of marriage is perpetual because marriage is of its nature indissoluble.

What are the reason for the indissolubility of marriage?

(a) The natural law prescribes that husband and wife remain united for the right attainment of the objects of marriage, which are the propagation and education of children, and mutual help.

(b) The Divine positive law explicitly forbids divorce from the bond of marriage, with the privilege of remarriage. (*Matt. 19:6; 1 Cor. 7:10; Rom. 7:2, 3*)

(c) The tradition of the Church, as made known by her unshaken opposition to divorce from the beginning, which tradition is crystallized in Canon 1110. (See September, 1931 issue.)

Is divorce from the bond of marriage forbidden in every case?

It is necessary to distinguish. (a) Every true marriage is internally indissoluble; that is, it cannot be dissolved by the mutual consent of the parties on their own authority. (b) Not every true marriage is externally indissoluble.

Please explain.

Mutual consent, duly manifested, makes the contract. (See January, 1932 issue.) But the contract once validly made cannot be dissolved by mutual consent, because the contract is ruled by Divine law, which is out-

side the competence of the married partners themselves.

Marriage, however, is not outside the competence of the Church, to which God, the Author of Marriage, has committed the authority to judge matrimonial cases among Christians, and to determine when a marriage is capable of being dissolved.

Which marriages are capable of being dissolved?

This question was treated at length in the September, 1931 issue.

What is meant by the exclusive bond of marriage?

Husband and wife mutually give and accept the right over the body, which cannot be shared with another without injustice. "The wife hath not power of her own body, but the husband, and in like manner the husband also hath not power of his own body, but the wife." (*Cor. 7:4*.)

No. 8 in the Canon Law of Marriage

What is peculiar to a marriage between Christians?

Christian marriage, that is, a marriage validly contracted between two baptized persons, is a Sacrament instituted by Christ. Every Sacrament when rightly administered and received confers grace.

Does the Sacrament of Marriage ever fail to confer grace?

The Sacrament of Matrimony never fails to confer sanctifying grace unless the subject places an obstacle in the way. This is not the fault of the Sacrament, but of the subject. Canon 1110.

What constitutes an obstacle to the conferring of grace?

Mortal sin is the only obstacle to the conferring of sanctifying grace.

How can this obstacle be removed?

Either by an act of perfect contrition, or by the worthy reception of the Sacrament of penance.

What graces does the Sacrament of Matrimony confer?

The Sacrament of Matrimony confers an increase of sanctifying grace, and also actual graces for the right performance of the duties of married life. (See September issue, 1931.)

Are both husband and wife on a plane of equality with relation to conjugal life?

"Both husband and wife from the

very beginning of marriage have the same rights and duties with respect to the proper acts of the conjugal life." Canon 1111.

How does the Church regard the relation of wife to husband?

The Church regards the wife as a consort, companion, and helpmate of her husband, and not as his slave or handmaid.

Who is the head of the family?

The husband is the head of the family.

Upon what law is this headship of the husband based?

Upon Divine Law, as made known by St. Paul: "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man." (*1 Cor. 11:3*.)

Is the wife obliged to be subject to her husband?

In matters which pertain to the right order of family life the wife is subject to her husband: "Let women be subject to their husbands, as to the Lord." (*Eph. 5:22, seq.*)

What is the duty of the husband?

He must love and cherish his wife, and provide for her temporal and spiritual welfare, and also must show the same dispositions towards his children: "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ loved the Church, and delivered Himself up for it . . . you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord." (*Eph. 5:25; 6:4*)

What is to be thought of what is termed the 50-50 basis of marriage?

If the 50-50 basis of marriage is intended to signify the desire of husband and wife to co-operate for the happiness and welfare of family life, it is good. But if such a basis is meant to signify that wives shall not be subject to their husbands, and that husbands shall not love their wives and children, and that he shall not assume the obligation of providing for his wife and children, leaving the wife free to care for the home, it is contrary to Divine Law, and consequently evil.

What is the first obligation arising from marriage?

The first obligation arising from marriage is the duty of rendering the marriage debt. "Let the husband render the debt to the wife, and the wife also in like manner to the husband." (*1 Cor. 7:3*.)

Why is the rendering of the con-

conjugal debt the first obligation of conjugal life?

Since the primary end of the contract of marriage is the procreation of children, it follows that that end cannot be obtained except by means of the conjugal debt.

Have parties who have knowingly contracted an invalid marriage a right to the conjugal debt?

By no means. Where there is no marriage there is no bond of marriage, and hence neither right nor obligation with reference to the conjugal debt.

Are the right and the obligation of the conjugal debt temporary or perpetual?

Both the right and the obligation of the marriage debt are perpetual by their nature, and last as long as the bond of marriage endures. Canon 1110.

May the right of demanding the debt ever be lost, or restricted?

The right of demanding the debt may be lost perpetually by the commission of adultery by one partner. Canon 1129. (This matter will be treated in a subsequent article on Separation.) It may be restricted for serious physical and moral reasons.

What are some of the physical and moral causes which may restrict the right to demand the conjugal debt?

Generally speaking any cause of a serious nature which is not implied in the contract of marriage will restrict the obligation of rendering the conjugal debt. Such are serious injury to life or virtue arising from drunkenness, insanity, infectious disease and unnatural vice.

What rule should be followed in this matter?

Each party should show every reasonable consideration for the other, for the obligations of the conjugal life should be regulated not only by justice, but also by charity.

What should be done in case of doubt?

Advice should be asked in confession.

Why is it said that the restricting cause must not be implied in the contract of marriage?

Because those who enter into the contract of marriage are not supposed to oblige themselves to hardships not internal to the contract.

Do the hardships implied in the contract of marriage excuse from the debt?

No, the reason being that those who enter into the contract of marriage implicitly oblige themselves to those things without which the contract cannot be effective; such as the pains of childbirth on the part of the wife, and the providing material support of the family on the part of the husband.

What is necessary for the conven-

ient fulfilment of the duties of married life?

The convenient fulfilment of the duties of married life demands a common habitation, bed, and board. Canon 1128.

Are married partners held to observe this community of life?

Yes, unless a just cause excuses. "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh." (Gen. 2:24.)

What is meant by birth control?

Birth control commonly means the use of marriage in such a manner as deliberately to frustrate its natural end.

Is birth control an accurate term for this act?

Unfortunately it is not. It is ambiguous. Birth control may be practised without sin, for instance, by mutual continence. But the birth control spoken of here is always a grave sin.

What is a better term for the practice in question?

Contraception, though imperfect, is a more accurate term than birth control.

Why better?

Because married persons who deliberately frustrate the natural end of the conjugal act, which is conception, do not observe control of their passions, but rather commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious.

Why is contraception evil?

Contraception is evil because the conjugal act is used in such a manner as deliberately to frustrate the end of that act, which by its natural power is the generation of new life.

Is not contraception wrong because the Church condemns it?

By no means. The Church condemns it because it is intrinsically against nature.

May married partners practise birth control by observing continence?

Yes, provided that it is done by mutual consent. (I Cor. 7:5.)

Why must continence in marriage be practised by mutual consent?

Because one party cannot deny the right of the other party, unless the other freely waives his or her right.

Does the wife share in the status of her husband?

"Unless it is otherwise ordained by special law, the wife shares in the status of her husband, as far as canonical effects are concerned." Canon 1112.

What are the principal duties of married partners?

Parents are bound by a most grave obligation to provide for the religious and moral, as well as the physical and civil education of their children, and also of providing for their temporal welfare. Canon 1113.

What is the most important feature about this Canon?

The most important feature is the insistence of the Church that the religious and moral training of children is to take precedence over their physical and civil training.

Why is this?

The primary end of marriage is not merely to beget children, but also to educate them properly. Proper education means an education which follows the right order of values. Right order demands that the good of the soul be given precedence over the good of the body, and the good of character over the good of health and temporal success.

What does the obligation of giving children a religious and moral training imply?

It implies sending them to schools where religious and moral training hold the first place.

In what schools is such a training given?

In Catholic schools.

Is there an obligation on the part of the Catholic parents to send their children to Catholic schools?

All the faithful are to be instructed from childhood in such a manner that not only nothing contrary to the Catholic religion and good morals is taught them, but religious and moral instruction must hold the first place. Not only parents, as laid down in Canon 1113, but also all those who hold the place of parents, have the right and most grave obligation of procuring for their children a Christian education. Canon 1372.

What is the law of the Church with reference to schools other than Catholic?

Catholic children shall not frequent non-Catholic, neutral, or mixed schools, that is, schools open to non-Catholics. Canon 1374.

Does it not rest with parents to decide what kind of school their children shall attend?

Catholic parents are bound to obey the laws of the Church in this most important matter. It belongs to the Ordinary of the diocese alone to decide what is to be done when there are no Catholic schools in the district, and, if he permits Catholic children to frequent schools which are not Catholic, it belongs to him to determine what safeguards are to be employed lest the faith of the children be endangered. Canon 1374.

When does physical education begin?

Physical education begins at the time of conception, and must be continued throughout the periods of childhood and youth.

Why it is said that physical education begins at the time of conception?

At the time of conception a new person exists in the womb of the mother.

How should the mother provide for

the life of her child, while it is in the womb?

By every reasonable safeguard against injury both to the child and herself.

Is it ever lawful to destroy the life of the child in the womb?

It is never lawful directly to do so. Such an act is a grievous sin against the Fifth Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill!"

What is abortion?

Abortion is the ejection of an immature fetus from the womb of the mother.

How long is a fetus considered immature?

A fetus is considered immature as long as it cannot live outside the womb, which is ordinarily up to about the seventh month.

How many kinds of abortion are there?

There are two kinds of abortion: (a) accidental, which happens without any intention on the part of man; (b) artificial, which is deliberately induced.

What is the difference between direct and indirect abortion?

When means are employed which tend immediately to expel the fetus from the womb, abortion is called direct. When means are employed which directly tend to cure or relieve a pregnant mother, but which at the same time induce the danger of abortion, which is foreseen as likely to follow, abortion is called indirect if it does follow.

In difficult cases of pregnancy, is it ever lawful to procure abortion in order to save the life of the mother?

No, it is never lawful to directly procure abortion in order to save the life of the mother. An unlawful means (abortion) can never be employed to produce a good effect (health of the mother). This is forbidden by the natural law, as well as the Divine positive law. (*Rom. 3:8*)

May an operation or remedy be employed which may have two effects, viz., cure or relief of the pregnant mother, and at the same time the danger of abortion?

Such an operation or remedy may be employed, provided the following conditions are fulfilled: (a) the means are good in themselves, or at least morally indifferent; (b) the good effect follows as immediately and directly from the means as the evil effect; (c) there must be a proportionately grave cause for using such means; (d) the evil effect must not be intended, either immediately or remotely.

Please explain further.

(a) If the means in themselves were bad there would be a grave obligation to refrain from using them; (b) the good effect must follow as immediately as the evil effect, otherwise the good effect would follow

through the evil effect, which can never be allowed; good can never be done that good may come of it. (*Rom. 3:8*); (c) It would not be conformable to right reason and an enlightened moral sense to permit a grave evil for the sake of a slight good; (d) since an evil intention vitiates a good act, the evil effect must not be intended or approved, but merely permitted to happen when it cannot be prevented. (Finney, *Moral Problems in Hospital Practice*, page 98, seq.)

Is there any obligation to provide for the baptism of the fetus when abortion is foreseen as likely to follow?

Yes, every effort should be made to baptize the fetus while still alive.

Is there any specific penalty attached to the sin of abortion?

Those who procure abortion, the mother not excepted, incur excommunication, which is reserved to the Ordinary of the diocese. Canon 2350.

Is it ever lawful to induce premature delivery?

Yes, it is lawful to induce premature delivery under the following conditions: (a) the fetus or child must be viable, that is, able to live outside the maternal womb, which is ordinarily around the seventh month; (b) there must be grave cause, for example, to save the life of the mother, for it is contrary to moral reason to expel a fetus or child from the womb before the full term, unless there be a grave cause for so doing; (c) there must be means at hand for the proper care of the child when prematurely delivered, that is, it must be given a good chance to survive.

How does premature delivery differ from abortion?

Premature delivery affects a premature fetus; abortion an immature fetus. In premature delivery the child is able to survive, though with difficulty; in abortion the fetus is not able to survive.

Who are legitimate children?

"Children conceived or born of a valid or putative marriage are legitimate, unless the use of marriage, contracted before, was forbidden to the parents on account of solemn religious profession, or the reception of Sacred Orders." Canon 1114.

What is a valid marriage?

A valid marriage, in the sense of the above Canon, is a marriage really entered into.

What is a putative marriage?

A marriage which is really or objectively invalid, on account of a nullifying impediment, but in which one party at least was in good faith, as to its validity. A putative marriage is always presumed to have the appearance of marriage, that is, externally everything was performed as in a valid marriage.

Why are children considered il-

legitimate, if the use of marriage was prohibited on account of solemn religious profession or the reception of Sacred Orders?

Because religious of solemn vows, and those in Sacred Order voluntarily renounce conjugal rights, in case they were married before making solemn profession, or taking Sacred Orders.

Can married persons enter these states without a dispensation?

Entrance of married persons, whose partners are still living, into religion and Sacred Orders is prohibited, unless a dispensation has been obtained from the Holy See. Canon 542, 987.

When paternity is doubtful, what rule does the Church follow?

The Church follows the old Roman Law, which presumes that he is the father of the child whom legitimate marriages points out as such; that is, the husband of the wife is always presumed to be the father of her child. Canon 1115.

Does this presumption admit of contrary proof?

Yes, if it can be proved that the husband is not the father of the child. But the proof must be convincing. When the proof is not convincing the child is given the benefit of the doubt. Canon 1115.

What are the limits within which it is possible for legitimate children to be born?

The Canon Law presumes that children born at least six months after the celebration of marriage, and within ten months after the dissolution of conjugal life are legitimate. Canon 1115 §2.

Why are these limits set?

Because it is presumed that these are the extreme limits within which legitimate children can be born. Like the presumption of paternity, however, this presumption admits contrary proof.

May illegitimate children be legitimated?

By the subsequent marriage of the parents, whether true or putative, whether newly contracted, or re-validated, even non-consummated, children are legitimated, provided the parents were capable of contracting marriage between themselves, either at the time of conception, or of pregnancy, or of birth. Canon 1116.

Please explain.

If, for instance, two Catholics maliciously violated the law with reference to the form of marriage, (February, 1932 issue) and attempted marriage before a civil official, and begot children, the Church would consider them illegitimate, because the marriage was invalid. If, however, they repented and went before an authorized priest and two witnesses and contracted a valid marriage, by so

doing their children would be legitimated, provided they were free to contract marriage during either the time of conception, or of pregnancy, or of birth, with relation to the children.

From the foregoing it appears that the Church would not legitimate children whose parents were not free to marry during the above periods. Is this correct?

Yes, the Church will not legitimate children whose parents during the above mentioned periods were hin-

dered from contracting marriage by impediments.

How is legitimation accomplished?

By what is called a fiction of law; that is, the law after the fulfilment of the requisite conditions, considers as legitimate children who were naturally illegitimate.

Are illegitimate children equal in all things to legitimate children?

Children who have been legitimated by the subsequent marriage of their parents are, with reference to canonical effects, equal in all things

to legitimate children, unless the law expressly ordains otherwise. Canon 1117.

In what things does the Canon Law distinguish between legitimate children and legitimated children?

Legitimated children cannot be promoted to the office of Bishop (Canon 331), or Abbot (Canon 320), or General of a Religious Order (Canon 504), or Cardinal (Canon 232.) Legitimated children, however, can be admitted into religion and the priesthood.

I HAD spent a week end at the convent and, though my body was rested, my mind had not found the peace it sought to find there. The world had been too much with me to go away from me so suddenly even in the calm of this still chapel where God waited patiently all day on His altar for people to come to see Him and talk to Him for a while. Usually the sight of a Sister kneeling before the Sacrament sufficed to quiet me—to make me forget the little inconsequentialities of my hurrying days among the skyscrapers. The Sisters seemed so everlasting—as if the continuity of their silent substitution of one for the other at the end of an hour were really one Sister—as if they were so united in purpose and effort that the identity of each was lost in the fulfillment of a true unity.

The world was too much for me, because it was too much with me. There were so many things wrong with the world, so many fathers in sore need, so many mothers bitterly worried, not only for the future, but for the very present itself; so many old people with no warmth, no food, when they should have been cared for by a nation to which they had given work and duty and children in the past; so many rich men and women who spent carelessly in a week what would have fed these poor sparrows for the rest of their lives.

And now, cruellest of all, I had just had news of the death of a dear friend's only and idolized little daughter. I say most cruel of all, because it is always easier to feel grief that touches one selfishly, that is close and seen, than the unhappiness of which one only reads and hears. "The blood of peasants is not red a hundred miles away."

Her mother and her husband had tried to comfort her, had pointed out that the child could never have recovered, that she was better off, that she was with God, and that His will was wiser than a mother's wish and love. But she only wept on and I felt rebelliously that there was no fairness, no reason in such a death—just as there seemed little fairness

"MASS FOR GEORGIE"

By

Katherine Burton

in life either for the poor, the bereft, the stricken.

The week end had not solaced me, even though it had been hedged about with peace and quiet. It had all remained exterior and had not become interior. And now I was going back to the new week about as unhappy as the old one had left me.

It was the Feast of the Ascension and I was hoping the convent would have a High Mass which I might attend before I plunged into my Monday's work in the big skyscraper downtown. I consulted the bulletin board hung outside the chapel door. The little flower wreathed card held, printed in delicate Gothic lettering, the day's Masses:

First Mass—6:15

Second Mass—7:15

Mass for Georgie—9:00

Who, I wondered in surprise, was Georgie? In my brief time in the Church I had already had more evidence than one of the familiar way in which Catholics refer to their Saints. Even now it still made me, as yet in the process of becoming un-Protestantized, a little uneasy to hear them speak of Saints as if they were in the next room and might step in at any moment. But, even so, I had not yet come across a Saint named Georgie nor did it sound like a name any of the hierarchy would care to claim.

It was a very little past nine, so I

went into the chapel. It was well filled and the entire community was gathered back of the screen at the left. The lovely altar was flower-decked—all white and unstained, like the day itself when Our Lord left behind Him all stains of earth. Candles flickered everywhere and the celebrant in white and gold vestments had already begun the Mass.

As my glance strayed around the chapel, suddenly I saw who Georgie was. Down in front, between the rows of pews, was a tiny white coffin, with a huge cluster of freesia and maidenhair fern almost covering it—a very small coffin, the lid closed. And in the first pew on the left, close to it as they could get, were three people, their heads bent, their shoulders shaking.

He must have been a very little person, this Georgie, for it was a rather infinitesimal casket. But as I looked, there rolled over it the great resounding phrases of Latin, the words of holy fear and fulfillment that had been poured out for hundreds of years by those who pray in the name of all the earth for love and forgiveness, words of comfort and warning for the living, words of peace for the dead. For the dead and the living the priest was praying, in that small enclosed chapel of cloistered nuns and unimportant people of the world, for the dead and living both. The whole Mass seemed one continuous prayer for both, those still here and those who had gone where Georgie had gone. And are they not really one, I thought, so why should they have need of separate things?

And afterward the priest put a dark cope over his shoulders, and read other prayers. And over Georgie the blue incense curled and the crystal drops of holy water fell in healing drops, and words of lovely sadness, of steadfast hope sped him on his journey. I saw the shoulders of the woman in the front pew shake desperately and the man beside her pat her comfortingly. And I—I cried for the baby who lay there covered from sun and the river, his ball lost to him for keeps, his toys now only

sad reminders for others and no longer joyous actualities for himself.

But even as I repeated again to myself that it was not fair, there came suddenly into my mind and heart something that stopped my tears and my sense of unfairness.

Blindly there came to me a realization of the value which the Catholic Church sets on the individual soul. For no king, no law-giver, no Saint of His elect could have had more done for him when he came to die than was done for Georgie. The same words, the same stately importance of formulae, the same sweet hallowed prayers were theirs—and his. The hierarchy may be present in the sanctuary: the church may be thronged with men and women come to honor a great benefactor of mankind—but the Central Fact of it all belonged to Georgie

as much as to any of them. No one of them could have had more done for him than was being done for the soul of little Georgie.

And it was all for Georgie too; not for the father and mother who were bent with sorrow, not for the little sister who cried and cried. No, just as for the great ones of earth, so for Georgie; the Requiems are for them, and not a comfort for those left behind. There are other human comforts for the bereft, other strengthenings, other peace. But for the soul winging its way to eternity this is its strengthening, its comfort, its peace—alike for the child of the tenement, the king of the realm, for all the household of the Faith.

Long ago they put food and drink beside the tombs of the dead to give them sustenance on the long journey to another world. Here was Food for

the journey for Georgie, and no Saint or emperor could have taken more with him.

Love was with Georgie — greater love than earth's, and he had no need of my prayers just then, not when the Greatest Victim was praying for his safe arrival.

There were tears in my eyes again, but now they were not for Georgie, and the prayers I said were for the comforting of the bereaved father and mother and the sad little sister.

And when the priest and the server had finished and the little casket had been carried down the aisle, I went soberly but with an inner elation, as of one who has for a moment glimpsed and held fast to Peace and Goodness and Eternal Verity—back to the crowded town and the skyscrapers that seem immortal but are merely decorations of mortality.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

GALE WARNING. By W. J. Blyton. Burns, Oates and Washburn, London. Seven shillings and six pence.

There is a very real power in *Gale Warning* by Mr. Blyton, who has already made a name for himself with *The Modern Adventure*.

The author is a student and writes con amore of modern times and modern people and possesses a keen insight into the problems that face us today. As in the case of ex-President Coolidge, who, when asked what the preacher had to say in his sermon about sin, replied—"against", Mr. Blyton's thesis on modern thought and temperament is decidedly "against," but he is not merely censorious, seeking rather to discover

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sympathetically the difficulties that befuddle so many modern wits.

The central event of the story is the cure effected by the sacrament of Extreme Unction for the heroine whose life has been despaired of by the medical men and the whole story, the building up of the plot, the development of character, all the elements are used to lead up to and give point to this episode and the results that flow from it. This, of course, is not a popular theme for moderns, many of whom deny the possibility of such supernatural processes, and even for those who do believe, there seems to be a certain shrinking from using them as a basis for a realistic story.

This is not at all as it should be; there is as much or more evidence for such happenings as for the common experiences of life upon which we all base our every conduct of affairs, but the prejudice exists and it is a tribute to Mr. Blyton that he makes his story of such interest as to largely overcome the feeling.

The one point upon which any real adverse criticism is justified is Mr. Blyton's style. It is a complex style that deals very much in introspective processes introduced parenthetically, a style that is involved and intricate, but a style that is much in vogue today and may be made effective. It is not that Mr. Blyton does not make it effective, indeed he often shows a very considerable mastery in its use but the point is that it is not Mr.

Blyton's style. The conviction is irresistible that a more simple method of telling his tale would make it much more effective.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. By the Rev. Fernand Mourret, S. S. Translated by the Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, \$4.00.

The monumental *History of the Catholic Church* by Father Mourret is generally regarded as one of the great standard authorities on this supremely important subject and its translation into English by so eminent a scholar and writer as Father Newton Thompson is an event that may be hailed with joy. This is no

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ROY MOULTON, Mgr.

curious review but a long and profound treatise and the completion of its translation, a gigantic task in itself, will fill a long felt want.

The appearance of Volume I is in itself an event and historians will eagerly await its successors. No hint is given in the translator's preface of how many volumes are to follow, but some idea of its magnitude may be had from the fact that this first volume of more than six hundred pages deals only with what is called the "Period of Early Expansion," namely, from its founding to the time of its establishment in Rome by the Emperor Constantine.

According to the author, the history of the Church falls into three great parts, the Greco-Roman period, the Middle Ages and the modern times. These again are divided into subsidiary periods, and it is of the first of these that this volume treats.

But no one should be misled into supposing that because it is long it is therefore dull or heavy reading. Father Mourret has a style that is irresistibly fascinating. His pages glow with life and no romance could be more entralling. Father Thompson is to be praised most highly for having preserved these outstanding merits of the original in his English version.

MY CANDLE AND OTHER POEMS. By Mother Francis d'Assisi. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.00.

The reviewer feels a little embarrassed before the extraordinary number of what children call poetry

books with which he is confronted and which demand from him an attention not always wholly merited. It is unfortunate that he cannot always praise as literature what from another point of view is so praiseworthy. Of this little book what shall he say?

The poems here offered vary greatly in value and it is possible to select some, such as *St. Francis of Assisi*, that are truly charming and even more than that. Yet on the whole they do not possess great literary value, however true and beautiful the sentiments they are intended to convey. Sad though it may be to confess it they are distinctly trite and we have so much of that.

Alas! The true poetic note is so rare and there are so many that earnestly and honestly seek it.

MARINERS OF BRITTANY. By Peter F. Anson. J. M. Dent & Sons Ltd., London—E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., New York.

A very attractive book and on a very engaging subject is the *Mariners of Brittany* by Mr. Anson. Brittany, Holy Brittany, as it is often called, is invested for all by an aura of intensely individual romance. Something of the atmosphere of the Round Table, of Launcelot, who was born there, of King Ban of Benwick, of Sir Bors and Sir Lionel, still hangs over it, and though these names have been supplanted in the local tradition by those of Christian saints, they still lend to it a sort of subdued magic as of the land of Faery.

The heroes, the saints and the sea

are in the flesh and blood of the Breton and where will you find three things more romantic? To be sure this subtle ichor of magic and romance is very hard to reach for the stranger within their gates, and even Mr. Anson, who lived among them for years and became as much a friend as an outsider can well become, complains of the difficulty of penetrating their reserve.

However that may be, he writes of Brittany in delightful style and presents a picture of the country and its people of no little subtlety. The book is rendered doubly attractive by a series of charming sketches made by the author.

SPiritual Exercises and Devotions of Blessed Robert Southwell, S.J. Edited for the first time from the manuscripts and translated by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. P. E. Hallett. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.90.

Mention is made on this page of the new history that is emerging from original documents for the delectation of the historian and the glorification of the Church. It is the truth, although all of us did not foresee the magnitude of it, that this latter day return to the old sources has in every instance served as a powerful apologetic for the Catholic Faith and for that great European unity of the past to which men gave the name of Christendom. Popular notions of that time, even, be it said with shame, among Catholics, are crumbling and passing away before the overwhelming evidence of the culture, the clear thinking, the enlightened living of those ages, facts that, had we been able to think as trenchantly as our forebears, we might have read from the relics of art and literature known to all.

And now, in this book, lost to us for so long, we have another example to add to the great mass of testimony with which the men of long ago are pleading their own cause in the court of modern appreciation. Like a breath of fresh air blowing out of the land of youth come these words, written down by the great English martyr for the guidance of his own life, to dispel the fog of involved doubts that we have conjured up for ourselves.

For many years these meditations with which a martyr tempered his soul have been unavailable to English speaking people, the manuscripts having been preserved in Belgium, where they had been forgotten. The recent beatification of the English martyrs, however, acted as a great stimulus to research into their lives and the present volume, so ably translated, is one of the results.

The text is printed in both the original Latin of their composition and in the English of the new translation

and makes an equal appeal to the archeologist and to the devout. Apart from their direct value as spiritual literature of a high order, they have also made it possible to reconstruct another page of history, not only of Father Southwell himself, but of the contemporaneous events in which he played so heroic a part.

CRANMER. By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$5.00.

There are some who hold, not without justice, that Belloc's Cranmer has a strong claim to being the greatest book of its great author, and if some others, including the reviewer, cannot go so far as this, yet it may be said without fear of competent contradiction, that rarely has a biography so powerful, so moving and withal so absolutely sincere, come from any modern pen. To find its equal one must go back to some of the great *Lives* of the past, for be it well remembered that here is an author who, though his cause is all in all to him, never stoops to the smallest falsification even by innuendo of the facts, whose very opinions are held in abeyance where opinions are not warranted by facts, and who, though his subject is one whose whole life was a bitter war against all that the author holds most dear, reserves judgment in every case where reservation is possible.

The life of Archbishop Cranmer is one which, by every standard of ethics worthy of the name, reveals a host of motives and actions the most ignoble; greed of wealth and power, sycophancy to his successive masters, traitorous conduct to those masters when they had fallen, yet in extenuation it must be remembered, as Mr. Belloc always remembers, that at the bottom he was a man of timid nature and that the violence of the times was a stimulus to cowardice as well as to courage.

In short, Mr. Belloc has achieved that most difficult distinction—all important to the historian—of separating the doer from the deed and while he sits in judgment on the latter, leaves to God the man.

But it is a stern judgment that he passes on the deed, or rather the deeds, not only of Cranmer but of those men, many so much more powerful than he, with whom he was associated in the great betrayal of the Faith. In the hands of those associates Cranmer was a pliant tool using his extraordinary gifts as a writer and speaker in defence of any thesis it was to their interest to defend. We see them rise up before us, living persons clothed in all their talents and imperfections and live again in the days of that monumental strife.

For this is not merely a biography, but a brilliant calling to life of a period when passions, broken loose from the long control of Christian

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restraint, waxed gigantic and inordinate and swayed men like the trees of a forest in a tempest.

This, indeed, is history, "a resurrection of the flesh," and once more Mr. Belloc has shown his mastery.

It is interesting to conjecture what effect the writing of such history as that done by Mr. Belloc, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and a host of others who have set themselves the task of representing the past, will have on the opinions and beliefs of an English and American generation that have now an antidote to the special Protestant pleading that has borne the name of history for so long, but surely it is not too much to believe that it will be both deep and salutary.

TH E PASSION OF SS. PERPETUA AND FELICITY MM. A New Edition and Translation of the Latin Text, together with the Sermons of St. Augustine upon these Saints. First translated into English by W. H. Shewring. Sheed and Ward, London. Price 3/6.

No one can read the simple narrative of the Passion of SS. Perpetua and Felicity without emotion, and at the same time marveling at the extraordinary fortitude of women in a crisis. St. Perpetua was of the noble class, while St. Felicity was a slave. Both were apprehended and thrown into a filthy dungeon during the persecution under the Emperor Septimius Severus at Carthage in 203 A. D. Both suffered beyond telling even before they were brought into the arena to be tortured. The aged father of St. Perpetua besought her with tears and on bended knees to

have pity on his grey hairs and also on the child which she was nursing at her breast. St. Felicity was about to be delivered of a child, and in order not to be prevented from joining the other martyrs in the arena on account of her condition, she and they prayed that her hour might be hastened. Their prayer was heard, and the daughter which she bore was given to the custody of a sister of the mother, while the mother herself went off to suffer martyrdom. The author offers a critical summary of the sources of this narrative, and supplies both the Latin and English translation of the Acts. The book is well worth reading.

SERMONS. By Rev. P. C. Yorke. Text Book Publishing Co., San Francisco. Two Vols.

In the days when the A.P.A. movement was in its ascendancy, the name of Father Peter C. Yorke was one with which to conjure. Beloved as a devout priest, famed as a scholar, he was chiefly distinguished as one of the ablest controversialists of his day. A master of English, he was an excellent journalist and pamphleteer, whose satire, when he chose to use it, was devastating, and whose Irish wit and humor were irresistible.

California was his battleground, and there in his adopted city of San Francisco, on the public platform and in the public prints, he waged a relentless and ultimately victorious war upon the forces of bigotry and cupidity, then rampant in the city, until, man and horse, he had routed the enemy. Brilliant beyond most men, his flashing intellectual powers

were given full rein in a series of philippics, the most noteworthy of which—known as the Yorke-Wendt discussion—has become a classic of Catholic controversial literature.

If the papers above referred to, which should not be ignored by the present generation, reveal the brilliant mind of the man, none the less truly do the two volumes of *Sermons* reveal his soul. If the public platform was his battleground, the pulpit truly was his home. Here he gazed fondly upon his own children—rich and poor, saint and sinner—and, looking down at them with eyes of love and affection, poured out to them in matchless eloquence those grave and solemn injunctions which the Holy Spirit prompted.

To Father Yorke the pulpit was a holy place from which only pure and unadulterated Gospel should issue forth. Politics and patriotism, in which as a citizen and a journalist he was no mean factor in the city of San Francisco, were eschewed in that holy place. Divine justice, repentance, charity towards one's neighbor, and steadfastness in the doing of good, were his themes, and these he invested with a majesty and dignity that only a master of language and ardent lover of God and man could possess. His was the gift to invest the simplest theme with richness and color until the picture he painted, by the very power of its beauty, touched or terrified the souls of his hearers.

The *Sermons* are edited by the Reverend Ralph Hunt, Rector of St. Peter's Church, San Francisco, who for many years was Father Yorke's friend and confidant. Apart from the spiritual significance of the *Sermons*, they can be confidently recommended to the student of literature because of the remarkable power and simplicity of the clear and vigorous English employed.

VITAL REALITIES. By Carl Schmitt. Nicholas Berdyaev and Michael de la Bedoyère. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

One of the matters of gravest concern to the serious in connection with the Great War was the fact that, in the minds of so many of the contestants, the issues were anything but clearly understood. The accusation was frequently made, even after the close of the conflict that men did not know what they had been fighting about and, of course, all sorts of efforts were made to enlighten them.

On the whole there was much of truth in the accusation; the issues were so vast and the minds of men so little used to considering anything beyond the everyday problems of personal interest, that the great catastrophe came and went largely unappreciated. Unfortunately the interpretations offered were often mere confusions written by those whose opinions, warped or narrow, envisaged

extraordinarily interesting group of writers whose essays are approaching the problems of our contemporary world from many points of view yet all as champions of the civilization and culture of which we are at once the products and the heirs.

The first volume, recently reviewed in *THE SIGN*, contained essays by Maritaine, Peter Wust and Christopher Dawson and established a standard of excellence difficult to maintain, yet the second volume—also mentioned on this page—and the third have nearly, if not quite, maintained it.

In this, the third volume, *Vital Realities*, we have essays by Carl Schmitt, Nicholas Berdyaev and Michael de la Bedoyère, all of which take up the exceedingly vital problem of the basis and spirit of politics especially of modern politics. The nations of the Western World are at present passing through a crisis in which all the political principles, heretofore taken for granted and upon which the activity of the state depends, are being subjected to a test the most stringent as to their ability to meet the needs of the body politic. On the whole the consensus of opinion seems rather to reject them, especially those based on the ideal of democracy and to turn to what in this country are called business principles, i.e., an economic and industrial organization of society.

Especially timely, therefore, are the essays of the Russian Berdyaev, who has given us a picture of Bolshevism in action and the spirit which has made this experiment in economic society possible. It is interesting to note that the conclusion of all three writers is the same; namely, that without a religious sanction to supply a permanent moral ideal, all political experiments must fail for lack of stability of object.

Vital Realities is a book that no one interested in the difficult problems of today should miss.

THE FRANCISCAN ALMANAC. The Franciscan Magazine, Paterson, N. J. 50 cents.

The 1932 edition of *The Franciscan Almanac* deserves to be in every Catholic home in the United States. It contains 384 pages of worthwhile information. If our Catholic laity were familiar with just the strictly Catholic matters here treated in such a welcome style they would be the better for it. Converts will find herein the answer to many of the matters

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some insignificant aspect that obscured the whole. And yet from the welter of misemphasis and confusion the truth is gradually emerging and the truth is nothing less than that the fundamental issue of the war was the old issue between the Catholic Christian interpretation of life upon which our whole Western civilization is built and the modern interpretation that would change the world into something frankly pagan.

This issue is the predominant one of the age and the more quickly it is realized as such by the world at large the better in that men can then see clearly where to engage their sympathies and the path of duty.

From the pens of many of the greatest Catholic authors of the day who perceive the paramount importance of this issue there is flowing a stream of cogent writings and among the important elements in this stream is the series of essays now being published by the Macmillan Company under the title of *Essays in Order*. In this is being brought together an ex-

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which were not treated in their course of instruction and which they would like to know. In addition to the wealth of knowledge concerning the Church and its affairs, there is to be found much data on subjects pertaining to non-religious matters. The manual is well indexed, of convenient size, and well within the price which the average person of today can afford.

THE PASTORAL COMPANION. By Fr. Louis Anler, O.F.M., L.G.: Adapted from the German by Fr. Honoratus Honzelet, O.F.M. Franciscan Herald Press, Chicago, Ill. Price \$

The purpose of *The Pastoral Companion* is not to present an exhaustive exposition of Pastoral Theology, but to treat in a compact and concise form only those subjects of Pastoral Theology and Canon Law which easily escape memory and cause doubts and perplexities in the sacred ministry. The fact that four editions of this book have appeared within the short space of four years may be taken as an index to its value. All decision of the Roman Congregations bearing on the topics treated, and which have appeared up to 1929, have been embodied in the Companion. The paper is good and the binding durable.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIAL MANIFESTO. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.50.

This is an Interpretative Study of the Encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI by Father Husslein, Dean of the School of Sociology at St. Louis University and as such is a valuable contribution to the current literature on political economy and the social problems of the day.

The reverend author has taken these two documents, the one very largely a commentary on the other, and expanded the teaching contained therein into a very complete review of the vexed question of the relation of capital and labor and of both to religion and the Church.

The *Rerum Novarum* in its day, and the *Quadragesimo Anno* in our own time, are recognized as two of the most important utterances that have come from the Church in recent years, giving, as they do, the official position of the supreme spiritual authority on the rights and duties of labor and capital, and are capable of indefinite expansion and application to all the phases of that historic dispute. That the dispute is still unsettled is due to the fact that so large a part of mankind has lost its fidelity to the Church and is consequently unwilling to harken to its counsels.

As Father Husslein points out, that counsel in this case is of so simple yet

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comprehensive a character that to harken to it would be to settle the dispute, a proposition to which all who read history with understanding must subscribe. One of the most interesting sections of the work is that in which the author traces the relations of employer and employed through the great ages of faith and points out that, however changed the conditions today, however great and complex the growth of industrialism has been, however new and strange the problems which its growth has involved, the fundamental Christian principles are still applicable to their solution as, indeed, they are to all human problems.

The volume closes with the text of the two great Encyclicals.

LITTLE BUDS FOR JESUS' GARDEN. By the Reverend H. V. Colgan. The Edward J. O'Toole Co., Inc., New York. 70 cents.

This is the second series of short poems by Father Colgan of which all are of a devotional character and many of them written for use on special occasions, Confession, reception of the Blessed Sacrament, on entering a religious life, etc. While the poems have no great literary value, they are informed by a most commendable piety and will doubtless find many readers who will welcome them for this virtue.

THAT NOTHING BE LOST. Edited by Caroline, Lady Paget. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Reflecting on an admonition given by the Divine Master, "that nothing be lost," Lady Paget conceived and executed the urge to publish the fragmentary notes she made from the sermons and addresses which Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., delivered to the Children of Mary in 1909-1910. May this wee booklet be a source of spiritual profit and pleasure to other admirers of the distinguished Jesuit.

HOW THE MASS IS A SACRIFICE. THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER. Both by Most Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. The Catholic Truth Society of Canada, Toronto, Canada. 10 cents each.

Bishop MacDonald, a brilliant and fearless theologian, who throughout his long priestly life has been an outstanding specialist in the dogma of the Mass, in these two pamphlets, now offers to the public the gist of his explanation of the Sacrifice of the Mass. His thesis is, "Christ Our Lord, Who is Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec, offered His One Sacrifice for sins in the Supper, consummated the same Sacrifice on the Cross, and continues to offer the self-same sacrifice in the Mass by the hands of His Priests." Solely from Scripture and Tradition he endeavors to prove his thesis.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

+ + + + + "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) + + + + +

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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GEORGE GARVEY,

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
Amen.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



THE PASSING OF WANG PETER

By LEO BERARD, C. P.

ONE of the figures of the great tragedy of 1929 has gone. A few mornings ago after Mass, in passing from the Shenchow church to the priests' house, I noticed a strange lad standing at the door, waiting. His dusty trousers and broken sandals told that he had come over some hard country trails. He was breathing heavily as though he had run a great distance. Noting the sad expression on his face, I asked about him.

"Father," one of the mission boys answered, "he has come from a village down river with the news that his brother, Wang Peter, is dead. Surely you remember Peter, don't you? He was here when you arrived from America."

Wang Peter, I recalled, was the Mass-server of Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P. Many of *THE SIGN* readers will remember how prominently this boy figured in the first reports of the murder of the three Fathers, Godfrey Holbein, Walter Coventry and Clement Seybold. Peter was with the missionaries on that April morning, 1929, when they were captured by bandits in the hills near Hwa Chiao. He was near by when the robbers, shortly afterwards, shot them dead in cold blood. Together with a coolie, who had been carrying baggage, he was the first to bring word of the tragedy to the missionaries at Chenki. Indeed, as I looked at this young boy leaning against the wall of the house, I was thinking of how his brother Peter had stumbled into the mission and blurted out the story of the shocking tragedy.

After the burial of the Fathers, Wang Peter had continued to work about the Shenchow Mission which held so many memories of Father Godfrey. When we arrived he was the faithful custodian of the sacristy. He had been failing in health, however, for the past two years. In the latter part of August he asked per-

mission to return to his home in the country, hoping to fight more successfully there against the disease that threatened his life.

Tuberculosis, which had gradually wasted his strength, began to work rapidly. His decline was so noticeable that he himself realized his dan-



Wang Peter, Mass-server for some time of Father Godfrey, C.P., died in his mountain home near Shenchow. Both Peter and the coolie, pictured with him here, were with our three Fathers in 1929 when bandits seized and shot the missionaries near Chenki.

gerous condition. In answer to a messenger whom he sent to Shenchow with a request for a priest, Father Quentin Olwell, C.P., rode out to Peter's home and administered to him the last Sacraments.

Two days later, in the depth of night and on that hill where he first saw the light of day spread over the crest of the neighboring mountains, Wang Peter, surrounded by his pagan relatives and with his Catholic wife

at his side, gave his soul to God. He pleaded and cried for a priest to be with him in his last agony. Once before he had been very sick, at the point of death, he thought. He was then a catechumen under instruction. He pleaded so earnestly for baptism that Father Godfrey, who was assisting him, received him into the Church.

Now, however, his longing was not to be answered. A priest could not get to him in time, especially at that hour of the night. Not even his young brother, familiar as he was with every foot of his native hills, could risk those treacherous paths in the dark. At the promise of dawn the boy felt his way carefully down the narrow trail. The first flush of light found him breaking into a trot on his way to Shenchow. Though Peter did not have a priest with him in his dying hour, he was not to be denied the consoling rites by which the Church proves her love for her children even after their death.

FRIDAY, after dinner, Father Timothy and I, accompanied by a few boys from the Mission, set out to conduct Wang Peter's funeral. We walked east five miles over a road whose width was measured not in feet but in inches. This path followed the general course of a creek bed. Again and again we crossed and re-crossed where a sheer wall of rock rose from the creek, which was parched for water except here and there where a little primitive grist-mill dam held back a shallow pool.

There was something familiar about these hills, this winding road, the general outlines of the countryside. Yes, we had travelled that way before, but what a difference between that trip and this! Now it was a real pleasure to tramp through those hills in the autumn sunshine. But on that former trip, on our way to Shenchow for the first time, streams of water



These Christians of the village of Lanni were the chief joy and hope of Father Ernest Cunningham, C.P., when he was missionary in that district. Recently he had occasion, while waiting an opportunity to re-open the Lungtan mission, to pass through this section which he knew so well.

splashed and tumbled down the mountains on their way to the already flood-swollen Yangtze River. The smooth stones, set a foot apart in the creek bed to serve in place of bridges, were then hidden beneath fifteen or twenty feet of water. The paths we followed now were so slippery that a false step would have meant a fall from a cliff. The creek was then a raging torrent, which we crossed in one place on a ladder thrown from one large rock to another. The houses that stood now in their mud-spattered drabness were then covered with water up to their eaves.

How bruised and footsore and weary we were then! Our bodies ached for rest, our hearts longed for the goal for which we had been struggling a long month against delays and floods. A journey slow almost to exasperation had been climaxed by a nearly fatal midnight ride when our boat broke its moorings and was tossed, without mast or oars or rudder, down stream until it drifted into a sheltering cove. Then we were battling for our own lives; now we were on a willing journey of peace and comfort for a departed soul.

Soon we climbed off the main path and took to the hills. Up, up we climbed, two or three miles. At times there were well cut stones in step formation, but just as often we had to dig the side of our shoes into the mountainside for a footing. We pushed forward a little way straight ahead, then turned abruptly back the way we had come, but on a slightly

higher level. At each bend of this zig-zag path we thought to reach the summit, and this hope kept us from taking a rest. We learn by our mistakes. After a while we stopped for a breathing spell and for time to give our hearts to get back to normal action. We learned then that we were just about half way to the top. The length of this can be partly gauged by the fact that the next morning it took us thirty-five minutes of half-running, for it was too steep for us to walk down it, to descend.

Just as the sun was setting we reached the Wang homestead. There was an unwonted quietness about the place that death had visited. This was the time for evening rice, and ordinarily even this secluded mountain cottage would have been the scene of some activity. Crossing the level patch of ground in front of the house, we greeted the members of Wang's family and found within the mother and the wife of Peter weeping over the loss of their loved one.

IN THEIR grief they did not forget hospitality. Two chairs, a large part of the household furniture, were dusted, and Father Timothy and I were invited to be seated. We were told that the only bed in the house and whatever else their poverty could offer was ours. Steaming hot rice was prepared, and this, boiled eggs and vegetables served as our evening meal. With the boys who had accompanied us we recited in Chinese the rosary and the prayers for the Stations of the Cross. The pagan members of the household

looked on in questioning wonder.

Naturally these pagan relatives, who were many, wanted to carry out some of their superstitions. They were quite eloquent in giving their reasons why the Wang boy should be buried with the pagan ritual, but Father Timothy was just as forceful in refuting their arguments. We were their invited guests, Father pointed out, and as guests we should be shown, according to Chinese etiquette, the greatest deference. If they insisted on following their pagan ceremonies we would start for home at once. Since this would have brought disgrace to them, they said we might have our own Christian rites. The victory was ours, at least verbally.

TO INSURE against our words being in vain we arose the next morning at three o'clock. I said Mass first. Father Timothy celebrated the Holy Sacrifice after me, and then both of us sang the exsequies. At daybreak the funeral procession started off to the grave on the hillside not far from the house. The heavy log coffin, slung under long poles, was carried by eight men. The mourners followed. The grave was blessed and the rites of the Church performed as the body was put in its last resting place.

We left at the grave Peter's Catholic wife, lamenting her beloved husband. Across from her his pagan brother either in fear of or reverence for the dead *kow towed*, striking his head on the ground several times.

Back at the homestead the poor mother broke down again and wept.

She sat on a low stool before Father Timothy. Between her sobs she said: "Ever since Father Godfrey's death my boy has failed in health. Did he misbehave? Did he not serve Father Godfrey well? Was this his punishment for misdeeds?" We assured her that her boy was really a good and faithful servant, for whom doubtless Father Godfrey was praying. When we explained to her the Church's doctrine of eternal happiness after

death for those who have led a good life, she was much comforted and resigned to her loss.

At the foot of the mountain on the return journey some of the men told us how the poor mother praised the conduct of the two priests who came so far and at such inconvenience to themselves to pay the last honors to her dead son. We were expecting some such compliment, not for ourselves personally, but for the Faith.

No doubt that was the first time that Mass had been said on that mountain. Have we not a right to hope that God will bless more of those good, simple folk with the gift of faith? How can faith come to them without a preacher, especially one who will preach to them by good example? Pray for these poor people that more of them may be well disposed and that we may carry to them the light of the Faith.

STARTING ANEW AT LUNGTAN

By ERNEST CUNNINGHAM, C. P.

IF YOU have a large map of Hunan you will find the town of Lungtan southeast of Chenki and almost on the boarder line of that section of the Passionist Prefecture. When the assignment was given to me to labor in that corner of our mission field I set out from Shenchow without delay, knowing that there would be much for me to do since Lungtan had been so long without a priest.

My many years in China should have taught me not to plan much for the future. I arrived in Chenki just about in time to take over the Mission for Father William. Business and the usual delays of travel kept him away longer than either of us had anticipated, so I had to postpone for some time the re-opening of the Lungtan Mission.

The days went by quickly, however, since there is much to occupy the missionary wherever he may be. Here in Chenki the Christians have been making the most of the privilege that is theirs in having the Sisters of Charity with them. The Sisters, by their charity and patience and zeal, have been bringing a

marked blessing on this Mission. Their very presence has had an influence for good on the natives which will last long after they themselves have returned to the central Mission. Contacts are being made by the Sisters now in the dispensary and elsewhere of which the missionary here will reap the fruits in days to come.

Their presence in Chenki during my stay there, however, was the partial cause of what turned out to be a long relay ride in answer to a sick call. About a week after Father William left I received a note from the catechist at Kaotsun, begging for a priest to come there immediately as a Christian was dying. Since Father Cormac, who was in charge of that Mission, was then in Shenchow making his annual retreat, I was the nearest priest. The note was so urgent in tone that I knew any delay might bring me to the dying person too late.

STILL, for a time I debated what to do. It is a ride of thirty miles to Kaotsun from here and very often the route is far from safe. If I were

to leave the Sisters alone in Chenki and anything happened to me on the road, they would be in a sorry predicament. My anxiety was increased by the fact that two soldiers had come into the Mission enclosure just the day before. When I questioned them, they threatened to bring troops to quarter in the Mission.

FINALLY I sent a telegram to the Prefect, Monsignor O'Gara, informing him of the sick call and of my anxiety about leaving the Sisters. A few hours later an answer came from him telling me to start on the sick call at once since a priest would leave Shenchow to take care of Chenki.

I left by mule very early the next morning. It was a cold, windy day. The rain fell in torrents during the entire trip. I took no one with me because I could make better time travelling alone. The route was very familiar to me. Indeed, I passed not very far from the locality where I had been captured by bandits several years ago on my way to Chenki.

Before evening I arrived at Kaotsun and administered the last Sacra-



Some of the Shenchow Christians see Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., off for the city of Yungshun. Father Paul labored long and with success in Shenchow, so that he left behind many Chinese friends when he was transferred to a city in the northern part of the Passionist Prefecture.

ments to the dying person. That night there were many familiar faces amongst those who came to greet me in this, my old Mission. We had not seen each other for a long time so we talked until quite late. But since I was concerned about the Sisters in Chenki, I started back for that city the next morning after an early Mass. When I arrived I found Father Quentin Olwell, C.P., there. He had come in the evening before, getting over the forty miles from Shenchow in one day.

FATHER QUENTIN told me that for a while he thought he would never reach Chenki. The rain was beating down so heavily and the wind blowing at such a gale that his mule turned around several times and refused to go on. A mule in such a mood is not easily conquered. Not stubbornness, but fear and an instinct of self-preservation made the animal balk at breasting that blinding storm. But the thought of the Sisters alone in Chenki and the uncertainty of my returning there soon, spurred on Father Quentin. His courage and determination must have

been sensed by the trembling mule for it picked its way on over the broken, slippery paths. Thus that sick call turned out to be, including Father Quentin's return trip to Shenchow, a relay race of one hundred and forty miles.

A FEW days after Father William's return to Chenki I set out to complete the rest of my long-delayed journey to my new appointment, Lungtan. I left Chenki with great honor and a sense of security, for I had as escort ten soldiers who were from the local General's personal bodyguard. We made the first day's trip in unbroken peace. At one place along the way I called to the attention of the soldiers the spot where Father Anthony Maloney, C.P., and I had been captured by bandits in 1928. On that occasion the stupidity of a bandit throwing my calling card on the path, and the alertness of my Mass-server who was following some distance behind us, resulted in our speedy release. The soldiers, of course, enjoyed the story. We arrived at Kiang Kou that evening and put up for the night in the Mission, which

is one of the country stations of Supu.

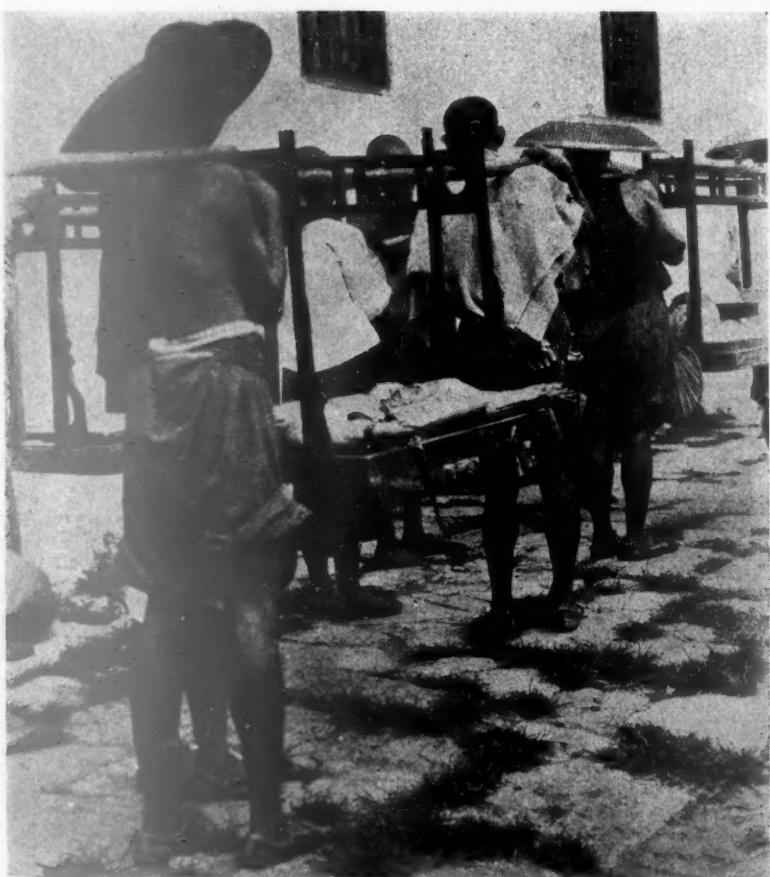
The second day of the trip took me through a section which I knew to be free of bandits, so I sent the soldiers back to Chenki. I continued on with just my baggage-carrier. Travelling by mule was uncomfortable, for all day long I was drenched with rain. About three in the afternoon, as I was nearing Supu, I was met by Father Raphael Vance, C.P. who had come out with a great number of his Christians to greet me. They had been waiting on the road for me for hours. I held my mule tightly as countless firecrackers were set off in my honor.

Without further delay Father Raphael escorted me to the river where he had a boat hired for the occasion. When we were seated he brought out refreshments and, what I most needed and appreciated, he produced a thermos bottle filled with hot coffee. I was deeply touched by his thoughtful kindness. At the Mission there was another salvo of fireworks. We passed through the smoke into the house and sat down to an enjoyable meal.

Father Raphael was unfeignedly glad to be with me. I was the first white man whom he had seen in over six months. We talked until far into the night for we had much to say to each other. Our territory is so large, our priests so few and the dangers of travel so many that at times some of our missionaries suffer through lack of companionship. Circumstances had prolonged Father Raphael's isolation from weeks into lonely and lengthy months. During that time he had gone through the harrowing experience of witnessing one of the worst floods that has ever ravaged western Hunan.

THANKSGIVING was only a few days off, so I stayed in Supu to celebrate it with Father Raphael. The next day I started off with my trusty mule's head pointed toward Lungtan. We were on our way only half an hour when the rain came down in torrents. There was a veritable cloudburst all day. It was tortuous travelling. The trails on the hillsides and the paths through the rice paddies were muddy and slippery. I was wet through to the skin. That night when we reached a village I felt so wretched that I could hardly eat. At one of the worst so-called inns that I have ever visited we cleared a space amongst the rubbish in one room and spread out my bedding. Fortunately, I was so tired that I was soon asleep and I slept soundly until morning. From the appearance of my bedding next morning I judged that the rats must have been trying to carry me away during the night.

The inn-keeper warned us that the stretch of road ahead was quite unsafe. Bandits had come down from



Gifts for the bride play an important part in marriage arrangements in China. Here is a close view of some pigs that have been slaughtered and prepared as part of the offerings from the groom-to-be. The procession is on its way to the girl's home.

the mountains to this section and for some days had been robbing travelers and taking them for ransom. From the local home guard we hired an escort of twenty-two soldiers to conduct us through the danger zone. This final lap of the journey was uneventful and, since the sun was shining, we did not mind the trip.

At nightfall when we reached Lungtan we were greeted by the Christians of the town who showed their joy at having a priest with them once again. The last missionary to reside here was Father Jeremiah McNamara, C.P. He had spoken to me in highest praise of the people, for his zealous efforts here were blessed with a gratifying success. At the time of the murder of three of our priests Father Jeremiah was called from Lungtan to labor in one of the larger Missions. Since that time, April 1929, Lungtan has been without a resident priest.

A small, rented house has been serving as the Mission. The chapel is a single room, about fifteen by fifteen feet. The furniture is poor, the floor is of dirt. But I was to be denied the right to call even this miserable dwelling my home. Shortly after my arrival the landlord presented me with a polite demand that I move out as soon as possible. He wished to use the entire house for his family. The additions he had been making to his original house were crowding more and more on our quarters each day.

There was nothing for me to do but go out into the town to hunt for another suitable location. Nothing could be had on the main street, though I was most anxious to be established in the heart of the town



This picture was taken at the present Procuration of the Passionists in Hankow on the occasion of the visit of Msgr. Antoniutti, secretary to the Apostolic Delegate. The Monsignor is standing at the left in front row. Beside him are Bishop Espelage of Wuchang, Bishop Massi of Hankow, Father Urban, Franciscan Provincial of Cincinnati. The four Passionists are Fathers William Westhoven, Alfred Cagney, Francis Flaherty and Ronald Norris. The other priests are Franciscans of the Wuchang Vicariate.

in order to attract the people to the new Mission. The house that I finally hired on a side street will be our home until we get something better.

From my baptismal register I find that there are about forty-four baptized Catholics living in this district. This is a good beginning. I hope

that the number will increase as time goes on. I am really well impressed by the kindness and simplicity of the people here. I ask the readers of *THE SIGN* to beg God daily that He move the hearts of the people of Lungtan to believe in the true Faith and to embrace it.

A LONE MISSIONARY'S CHRISTMAS

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

FOR the first time I am on a mission at Christmas without the companionship of another Father. My first Christmas alone! Try as I will to keep my mind from wandering, fond memories bring the thought of other days around me. I recall the happy birthdays of Our Lord as we celebrated them in our monasteries. Midnight Mass? Yes, we had Midnight Mass here in Wangtsun too. But no grand organ nor vested choir to thrill us with an inspiring rendition of the Mass, or with the strains of "Adeste Fidelis" or "Silent Night."

Streamers of greens and of multi-colored paper decorate our humble chapel, but we have only artificial flowers for the altar. There is no Christmas Crib to portray the scene at Bethlehem, but only a picture

which—pardon the vandalism—I cut out of a book, trimmed with a bit of ribbon from a candy box and placed between two candles. Truly, Christmas in Wangtsun is not like Christmas at home.

YET it is a happy day. Our little chapel is crowded to the doors with Christians and catechumens. Some have travelled many miles, on foot, of course, to be here for the grand feast. In the town itself everything is the same as usual. Business, work, the daily struggle for that day's existence—and what a struggle for most Chinese!—goes on. For the vast majority, indeed for millions, Christmas is not even a name. They never yet have heard the message of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth

peace to men of good will." Christmas day is just like every other day to these uncounted millions.

BUT there is high festivity within the compound walls of the mission. Since noon of Christmas eve, the Christians have been coming in; groups of four and six and ten. After supper, which is soon over since the vigil is a fast and abstinence day, they gather in the Church for evening prayer. They listen to a short doctrinal discourse, and then go to confession. The air is really cold, so they gather around the charcoal fire. Most of them have not met for a long time, and they have many things to talk about; the price of rice, the shortage of vegetables, the ailments of this one, the trouble with soldiers



A view of a Chinese graveyard just outside the walls of a city. The Chinese do not permit the burial in the city proper. Very often geomancers are hired by the pagans to determine the proper site and the propitious hour for the burial.

or bandits of another, the family difficulties of some, the financial straits of others.

WHILST the Christians and catechumens are thus engaged, the missionary calls some of them, one by one, to his room. Here is a Christian in whom the priest has placed great hopes, and whom he must encourage to continue in his good ways. "I hope, John, that you will always remain"—the priest uses the Chinese expression for fervent—"a 'warm-hearted' Christian." Here is another who has not been quite so regular in his religious duties of late, and the missionary must urge him, plead with him, and warn him.

A third who needs a spiritual overhauling is a difficult case to handle. All the poor man can talk about is his bodily pains and aches. I try to tell him about his soul, but he insists in telling me about his stomach. So I finally give him a little medicine, just enough to last until Sunday, and tell him to come around then for more. Perhaps we can do something later when he is more at ease.

Now a catechumen comes in and begs to be baptized. But I haven't been here long enough to know him well, so must put him off for a while. Besides, before he is baptized, I must visit his home to see if there are any signs of his clinging to his old superstitions. Then there is the case of our catechist's father, an excellent man in many respects. He knows his duties and he lives up to them, except for one thing. During the past year he has gotten into the habit of smoking opium. He must be refused the Sacraments until he gives evidence of breaking off the bad habit.

So the missionary spends the evening struggling for souls and fighting the battle of the Lord, trying to be mindful of the advice of that great missionary, St. Paul: "Preach the word: be instant in season, out of season: reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine. Be vigilant, labor in all things, do the work of an evangelist, fulfill thy ministry."

Soon it is midnight and the bell,

small and not very musical, calls us to the chapel. Holy Mass begins while the Christians chant their prayers. For the missionary it means Mass, sermon, Holy Communion, thanksgiving, and then to bed. Later in the day there are two more Holy Masses, at which all the Christians and catechumens again are present and chant their prayers once more. The missionary looks out over his little congregation and his heart fills with gratitude for the good friends and benefactors at home who make his work here possible. You may be sure they are not forgotten in his prayers that day.

Mass over, all, first the men, then the women come to wish the priest a happy feast. Each one who can possibly do so brings a little present. Little? Well, we spoiled Americans may think it so, but for the poor of China it is no small matter. One lad brings me half a dozen oranges; an old lady presents me with half a pound of roasted watermelon seeds. My Mass-server has made out a list of prayers which he has offered for the missionary; but, being a shy lad, he doesn't want anyone else to know about it. So, whilst the others are not looking he slips it under my mantle.

THE catechist gives me a dollar, a Mass stipend. A whole dollar! the equivalent of two days' salary! His wife has made me a pair of cloth shoes, cotton wadded, such as the Chinese wear in winter time. There are other presents of a chicken, a dozen eggs, a pound of sugar. Whatever the gift, you may be sure it was a practical one. None of your useless American frills. The people here believe in useful gifts!

I thank them all. Chinese fashion, I tell them that they have given me entirely too much, and that I am wholly unworthy of their gifts. And they protest that the priest is more than worthy and profusely insist that their offerings are all too little.

Now come our own mission boys, a few here studying doctrine, some orphan lads adopted by the mission.

They certainly made grand festival this morning. For, right after Mass—and they have been waiting anxiously for this—there is a great burst of firecrackers. Firecrackers on Christmas day mean more to them than Santa Claus to the American boy or girl. Of course, my boys hope too that there may be a little gift or two in the priests' house for them. They are made happy with a pair of stockings, a towel, a handful of candy, or a few coppers. They haven't felt so rich since last Christmas.

By this time the people in town, having heard the firecrackers and seen the decorations at our gate, know that there is festivity at the Catholic Mission. Beggars by the dozen, professional and amateur, come to the mission and beg for a little food. Surely on Christmas day we must not turn away anyone; we must remember the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph as they tried to find shelter. So, even though some of the beggars that come are professionals who could do a day's work, we give a bowl of rice and one copper to each one, for love of the Christ-Child born this day.

It is well nigh noon before the Christians take their breakfast. Then the country folks who have come in for the feast take a little walk to see the town. At three o'clock all gather in the chapel once more, this time to recite the rosary. You see, it is not often that many of our Christians can come to church; when they do come they try to make up for it with extra devotions.

After the rosary comes supper, or dinner if you will. It's all the same. There are only two meals a day here. Shortly after the evening meal night prayers follow, and then Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Benediction is something new to many of the Christians and catechumens. They had never seen this because, until recently, we were not permitted to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in Wangtsun. We did not have a place fit for His Divine Presence. But our little chapel is finished now, and Our Lord has come to make His home with us. And what a difference His Sacramental Presence makes!

Prayers and Benediction over, all gather around the fire once more. To add the final Christmas touch to the day the missionary brings out his portable victrola and plays the "Adeste Fidelis." He enjoys it, of course, but they don't. To the ears of the Chinese our music sounds perhaps even more abominable than theirs sounds to us. So they soon call for Chinese records. Thus the evening is happily spent until, about ten o'clock, all retire. Another Christmas has come and gone.

Next morning, those who have a long distance to go leave very early. After Mass and breakfast the rest

come in to say good-bye to the missionary. They thank him for the food they had whilst here, and he protests that it was very poor and not enough. They are reminded of the next feast day, urged to be sure to come, and then depart with the priest's blessing.

Alone at Christmas? But there are our Christians and they are dear to our hearts, and we do not feel lonesome with them. Magnificent choir? We hear our converts chant their prayers and we thank God that we have been called to work for their salvation. Grand organ? No, but

there is music in our hearts. Of course, our minds go back to the Christmas days that have gone before. They are sources of many happy reminiscences. But had we to choose between the then and the now, this present Christmas would be our first choice.

IN THE WILLOW FOREST VILLAGE

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

THE village of Liu Lin Ch'a, meaning "Willow Forest of the branch of the river," lies on a curve of the river Yuan and is flanked by lofty hills. It has the distinction of being the gateway of the Passionist Prefecture. The incoming missionary looks forward to a pleasant stop there, the society of a brother missionary, a good night's rest and the solace of Holy Mass. These benefits give him renewed courage to bear the tedium of travelling the last sixty miles to Shenchow.

Liu Lin Ch'a has frequently suffered from the ravages of nature. Nearly three hundred years ago a great flood accompanied by gales of wind took an immense toll of life, resulting in the almost complete annihilation of the town. People from the province of Klang Si then came over to resettle the village. The present population are their descendants.

When the Spanish Augustinian Fathers came to northwestern Hunan they settled in the big cities of Shenchow, Chenki and Supu and later branched out as opportunity and numbers afforded into the outer lying towns. Thus Liu Lin Ch'a Mission came into existence some thirty years ago.

The original Mission of Liu Lin

Ch'a was founded in the back of the town in the home of the Tsang family. The whole village affected an interest in the Church, but only a minority had the courage and persistence to study doctrine and to receive baptism. The favor in which the village held the Church sprung undoubtedly from the aid that the people hoped the missionary could give the Christians in lawsuits against the pagans.

THE Christians of those days seem to have been simple, docile and amenable to correction. That they were generous in their contributions to the Church is proven by the present mission building. They contributed almost half the funds to build it. In those days Liu Lin Ch'a was peaceful. The bandits had not yet organized to ply their nefarious trade of despoliation. The gold mines were booming. Everybody had money. Poverty was unknown. Wealth proved a strong magnet in drawing the lawless and the adventurers to Liu Lin Ch'a. In time small bands of bandits appeared. There was no home guard, a fact which encouraged and emboldened the bandits to rob the rich and spread terror among the populace.

Finally in 1918 Liu Lin Ch'a and its

environs became a stronghold of banditry. The rich had fled to the security of large cities. The gold mines shut down. Then began a cruel subjugation of the people. Only of late years have conditions been bettered by the stationing of a home guard. But the home guard has never been sufficient in numbers nor of sound morale to withstand the fury of determined bandits or fight them in a decisive battle.

Every year brought some new happening of bandit outrage to the village. The bandits controlled the river for a distance of forty miles north and south. They thrived on robbing unprotected convoys and travellers. When Monsignor Langenbacher and the Very Reverend Father Matthias Mayou, C.P., were bringing the five Sisters of Charity to Shenchow, bandits robbed them at Shin Lung Kai, a town thirteen miles east of Liu Lin Ch'a.

IN THE summer of 1925, Monsignor Langenbacher appointed Father William, C.P., and Father Rupert, C.P., as missionaries to Liu Lin Ch'a, but they were never able to start for their new mission owing to the activities of the bandits. Father Jeremiah had better luck. Just before Christmas



Luki on the Yuan River enjoys a scenic location, but little else. Flanked by mountains that offer a refuge for numerous bandits, it is a buffer district between larger and more prosperous counties. The people of the city eke out a poor existence by fishing and small scale farming.



This young country lad is delighted with his big catch. The rivers of western Hunan are well stocked with fish, despite the fact that the natives are very successful in catching them by pole, net and even by hand.

of 1925 he came to Liu Lin Ch'a and remained until April of the following year, when he had to leave hurriedly with the retiring government troops.

Towards the end of 1927 the Christians sent a delegation to Shenchow to tell Father Paul, C.P., that the present bandits were orderly and treating the people well and that several Christians with great influence were friendly with the chief bandits. So Father Paul had the consolation of spending the feast of Christmas with the Christians of Liu Lin Ch'a. Every mark of deference and respect was paid to him except that of allowing him to live in the mission. A flippant young officer was quartered there and nothing could move him to vacate the premises.

DURING the February of 1928 I received my appointment as resident missionary of Liu Lin Ch'a. I took up my abode in a Christian family awaiting the soldiers of Ho Chien to leave town in order to move into my mission. After two weary months of waiting I saw the soldiers finally leave town on the feast of St. Paul of the Cross. When the last soldier disappeared from view a few Christians and I hastened to the mission. Filth met our eyes at every turn. It was the first time I had seen the interior of the mission. Had I not known that soldiers had been quartered there, I would have believed

wild animals had lived there, so dirty was the place and so disfigured were the walls and doors. It took quite a little time to get one room in readiness for Mass. The Holy Sacrifice was offered that day to God to bless the work of the missionary and to give Liu Lin Ch'a its longed for boon, a lasting peace.

Liu Lin Ch'a from this date began to settle down. A company of government soldiers came to town. We all breathed more freely. After a week in the mission I went to Tao Yuen, forty miles down river, to make some necessary purchases for my new mission. On the way I fell among bandits. They stopped me and my two servants and commanded me to open a suitcase to see if I had revolvers and ammunitions.

I COMPLIED with their request, taking care first of all to present my card. One of them, realizing I was a missionary, wanted to let us pass, but another one more aggressive insisted on a thorough search of the suitcase. As he reached into a corner and drew forth a hundred dollars wrapped in paper he asked me, "What is this?"

Changing from Chinese into English, I answered with the single, slang word "Jack."

He was puzzled and turned to my servants, saying, "What did the foreigner say it was?"

Not to be at loss for an answer, they replied, "Foreign medicine."

Why the man didn't ascertain for himself what the package really contained is strange indeed. He put it back. We were allowed to go on unmolested. I asked my servant afterwards what was the reason of allowing us to go unharmed and he said it was because these bandits were relatives of some of the Christians in Liu Lin Ch'a and didn't want to make them lose face by robbing the mission.

I returned to my mission by boat. I had been home three months and was enjoying peace. One morning the soldiers suddenly left town. By noon we knew why. Three hundred bandits came in town. They were orderly and the people received them well. Towards evening while I was busy at my desk I looked up. There before me stood a well-dressed soldier with several escorts with him.

He presented his card. As I looked at it and read Tsen Yu Lung, my heart missed a beat. It was the name of a dreaded bandit chief and he in person stood before me. I sized up the man at once and felt immediately at ease since I realized he was on a friendly, social visit. I had my cook prepare a lunch for Tsen and his men and we had a pleasant half hour's chat. Receiving him hospitably proved my protection. He sent a proclamation to the mission on which were printed instructions that no soldier should in any way molest the missionary.

The real object of Tsen's coming to town was to rob an approaching convoy. It was richly laden in valuable goods and unprotected. It was allowed to pass Liu Lin Ch'a, but when it got to Ma I Fu, five miles up river, it was intercepted by Tsen's men and thoroughly robbed. Word reached Shenchow that night and next morning government soldiers were in Ma I Fu to give battle to the bandits. The bandits had robbed the government soldiers of a possibility in getting the taxes on the looted cargo.

A battle raged and the bandits won it. The government soldiers retired and resorted to strategy. Spies were sent to Liu Lin Ch'a to find out in what buildings the bandits were quartered. When they left to report back to the government troops, the bandits sensed something wrong and before evening most of them left town. It was the eve of the fourth of July.

The next morning, after Mass and thanksgiving, I heard a volley of shots in back of the mission. I hurried out in time to see some of the bandits running through our compound and vaulting the walls to escape the soldiers. Then I heard the soldiers pounding on the doors of the neighboring houses, demanding entrance. Everybody was in a panic and yelling.

THE soldiers were robbing. Five of them were already in the house next to the mission. I knew the mission would be robbed next, so I ran to



Lo-li, who is still a pagan. After her mother's death she was given to the Sisters who are caring for her until her people claim her.

my room, grabbed what money I had and handed it to the mason who was repairing the roof, telling him to hide it in the tiles. I still had time enough to get my chalice and throw it in the bushes near the sacristy and then run to the captain to tell him his soldiers were in my mission robbing. He said he couldn't do anything then. All his thoughts were on the report that he had lost four men and he kept saying, "They have killed four of my men, oh my! oh my! They have killed four of my men!"

WHEN the looting orgy had finished Wand I saw the five soldiers passing by me while I was talking to their captain, I noticed they had some of my clothes. They were old ones, so it didn't matter. I had enough courage to go back to the mission and sat down with the catechist to talk matters over. We were undecided what to do, whether it was better to remain or get on a boat that night and go to Tao Yuen. As we were debating the question, several officers walked in and presented their cards. We invited them to sit down. They had come to offer their apologies for the looting and promised to do their utmost to find the missing articles and to restore them.

Of course I never saw those old clothes any more. A few days afterwards these soldiers left for Shenchow. We heard they robbed several towns. This is really the only trouble of a serious nature I have suffered since being here.

In the Spring time of 1929 Liu Lin Ch'a was given a resident troop of soldiers with a captain who is efficient in every way to cope with bandits. His soldiers are fighters. This present company of soldiers have only left town twice since 1929. Once for a period of five days when Chang Fa Kwei's division of Ironsides passed through and again to fight the Reds outside of Changteh, when they were gone for six months.

Nowadays the missionary is able to travel everywhere in pursuit of his holy calling. Good times have come back to the town. The small, hand-operated gold mines are open again and the people are happy. As evidence of the good government in our district, and efficient service to back it up, the military have installed a telephone system as a means to keep in touch with all parts of their territory.

The floods of the past year didn't affect Liu Lin Ch'a. The greatest damage was done down river. We have suffered in our crops because of excessive rains. Only a half of the rice was harvested. The river twice rose to abnormal heights during the last week of July and the second week of August. For days at a time we could see the wreckage of houses floating by on the high waters and boats manned by three or four men



Father Cormac Shanahan's chapel at Kaotsun. During his absence at the annual retreat this year a sick call from this town started Father Ernest and Father Querten on a relay trip that totaled one hundred and forty miles.

salvaging planks, doors and household furniture.

During the height of the flood here a sad incident occurred. One of my little catechumens, Tsang Ngai, a fervent lad of fourteen years, was drowned at the lower part of the town when crossing the bridge to sell candy to the soldiers. I had just returned from one of my visits to Shenchow. It was the vigil of the Assumption.

THAT morning while I was sitting in my room Tsang Ngai came to bid me good morning. He had been to Mass and said the Angelus at noon with the Christians. An hour later I heard he was drowned. I have no doubt he was saved, since he was preparing for baptism. All the Christians were at his funeral and he received Christian burial. An incident occurred just after the funeral which I relate for what it is worth. A brisk shower of rain descended for ten minutes and then the sky was as serene as before. I often tell the Christians to ask Tsang Ngai to pray for them.

Tsang Ngai left a pagan mother behind and a little Christian sister. One day I saw the mother weeping at her son's grave. I said to her, "My good woman, why do you weep so?

Do you want to see your son in heaven?"

She answered, "Of course I do, Father."

"Well, you must be baptized. Then when you die you will go to heaven and once more be reunited to him, never to lose him."

She promised to come to Mass and has kept her promise. It has been hard to convince her that she must study doctrine and be baptized if she wants to see her son again. Her little daughter also keeps telling her the same thing. Lately the mother has given her promise to come and study doctrine after the New Year.

Tsang Ngai's death was the means of bringing his mother into the household of the Faith. Making converts in Liu Lin Ch'a as elsewhere in our missions is slow work, but we are making encouraging progress. We realize that we are only the pioneers. Others coming after us will reap the harvest. We owe much to our good benefactors' spiritual and material help. It is they who are the real mainstays of our existence over here. Their reward will be great in eternity. May God prosper all our good benefactors and give them on earth the hundredfold promised by Him in the Gospel.

Who Will Die Tonight?

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of
(\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

Signed Witness

Witness

••• Painless Giving •••

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1. Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and

maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars. At this time their needs are urgent.

MISSION NEEDS

2. Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the

support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3. It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To

give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest to you that this special provision be embodied in your last Will:

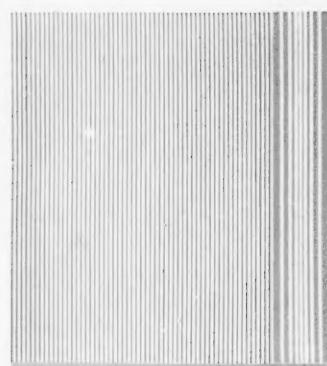
I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

This clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you may care to make for their benefit.

YOUR LAST WILL

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.



What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purpose, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the educa-

6%
TO
9%

WHERE PUT? YOUR MONEY?

Get a life income
Help Christ's cause

You can't take it
with you!

Will you hoard or
spend it?

Give it away or make
a Will?

Why not buy Life
Annuities?



For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, Inc.
Care of The Sign,
UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

tion of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

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